

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XIV.

## CATHOLIC POLITICS AND CATHOLIC M.Ps.

It is not very often that we offer our readers any remarks on the passing political changes of the day, even when professedly bearing on the circumstances of Catholicism. Every thing now moves onward with such breathless rapidity, that persons who write but once a month have little chance of being heard, in competition with daily and weekly journalists, whose vocation it is, whatever event turns up, to dash at it without a moment's hesitation, and to pronounce some opinion or other, no matter at what risk of misconception or error. However complicated or extensive in its bearings, however urgent may be the necessity for calm and dispassionate consideration, what is this to the modern devourer of newspapers? A view he must have, at all costs. Even if a minister brings forward a measure of almost incalculable moment in a speech not concluding till two hours after midnight, what says the expectant reader? He must not only have the speech in type, but an article written—yes, and printed—instantly; absolutely instantly. The article must be commenced or planned before the speaker's words are half-uttered; as fast as the writer can make his pen fly, the printer must have his lucubrations. Corrections and press-work follow with the speed of lightning; and by nine o'clock the ministerial oration and the comments thereon are to be read—where? In the printing-office? No; but at Brighton, or any where within an hour-and-a-half's express-train distance of London. What chance has the monthly writer in the midst of such a system as this?

There are, however, times when it is almost impossible to keep silence; times of most undoubted crisis in our affairs, when, perhaps beneath an outward calm, a conflict of principles is going on amongst us, on whose issue consequences of the deepest moment depend; and in which, nevertheless, the sight is so confused by the intrusion of personal interests, personal likings, and personal antipathies, that the dictates of sound

Catholic wisdom, and the lessons of universal Catholic history, stand little chance of being thought of. At such periods, those who have been so fortunate as never to have involved themselves in any of those unhappy personalities which we all unite to lament, may fairly claim to be heard. Even if they run the risk of offending the belligerent parties, it is worth while at such times to speak. At all seasons of violent disputes and secret heart-burnings, there are ever to be found a vast number of persons whose ears are stunned with the voices of the disputants, and who long to see a public expression of some views which at least are not associated with every thing that is angry, personal, and tending to disunion among those who ought to agree, and who might agree.

It cannot be concealed, then, that the affairs of British and Irish Catholicism, so far as they have any connection with political parties, and with the government of the day, and with the state in general, are in a condition eminently unsatisfactory. That they are better than they used to be, only proves in what a miserable state they were in former times. It is difficult to conceive any thing politically more baneful than our former position, which was simply a hand-and-foot bondage, not to the state, but to a party in the state; and that the party most radically opposed in its own principles to every thing that constitutes the essence of Catholicism. Disastrous as has often proved the legalised alliance between this or that national branch of the Catholic Church and the secular government, it was at any rate recognised, open, honourable; and the alliance was between the Church and that which ought ever to be the friend and the minister of the Church. But in this country, the accidents of political change had produced a traditional but unrecognised league between the natural secular leaders of Catholics and the Whigs,—a party which of all others is most alien in its feelings to those which Catholicism creates. Guided by such leaders, temptations of the very worst kind were held out to us; and it was only by serving our haughty patrons with the abject servility of Oriental slaves, that we could expect a relief from the tyranny which Protestants exercised over us. With rare exceptions, every Catholic of rank, fortune, or education, was pledged to the Whigs. By intriguing with the Whigs, or through the Whigs, we were to be allowed to pick up the crumbs vouchsafed to us from the table of our masters. On condition of bartering our independence for the wretched wages, we were to be permitted toleration up to the point which our owners (for such they counted themselves) might think it expedient for their own purposes. In a word, the lordly and dainty-fingered



Whigs found us useful in doing their dirty work against the Tories, in conjunction with Dissenters, Radicals, and other lean and hungry expectants.

Happily for us, circumstances from time to time compelled our "patrons" to grant us boons which in times of tranquillity we might have whistled for till we were weary. Amidst the shocks caused to Europe by the American and French revolutions, and the fiery party-contests in the British Parliament, we came in for a share of liberty and toleration which must have caused aristocratic Whiggism not a few painful twinges. It was something very different from the chicanery of hereditary intrigue which burst the penal laws in the last century, and won Catholic emancipation in the present. Be that as it may, however, after we were in a great measure free, the old Whig-worshipping spirit was as general and busy as ever; and happy it has been for us that Toryism has retained sufficient vitality to bestow upon us so many hearty *kicks*, that Whiggism has been forced, in sheer self-preservation, to withdraw the hand with which it was doling out to us a few *halfpence* as the wages of our servitude.

At length the times changed. With all the devotedness to political party, as distinct from that respect to the laws which is truly Catholic, that still lingers in many quarters amongst us, there can be no question that we are now comparatively a free-spirited, manly, and self-relying body. In 1851 a crisis came, and for a moment we were in terrible peril; but our most formidable nominal friends (though real enemies) lost their temper, forgot their own traditions, and vigorously drove us into freedom from their snares. If the Queen and Lord John Russell could have swallowed their mortification at the establishment of the hierarchy, and resolutely devoted themselves to undermine us by intrigue, no eye could foresee the mischief they might have done us; but it was the old story once more: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. And the only result of Protestant wrath has been the fostering of our independence, and the direction of our energies to the strengthening of ourselves from within.

Up to this time, nevertheless, the position of the Catholic cause in Parliament has been any thing but what it ought to have been. And what it is in Parliament, that it is, more or less, in all its relations with the state "out of doors." Whatever were the gains won by emancipation in the Houses of Lords and Commons, we have been till very recently a non-entity. There has been no Catholic peer in the Upper House both equal and willing to represent us in such a manner as to command the attention and respect of his audience. Some-

thing, either in the way of abilities or character, has always been wanting. The only man who has been listened to *asa Catholic*, and with a belief among the peers that he had Catholicism at heart above all things, was the late Lord Shrewsbury; but he was a Whig of that unhappy school which contrives to unite all sorts of virtues and defects in such a confused jumble as to neutralise the influence for good which their possessor might exercise. An earl, a wealthy man, extremely liberal of his money, and in private unimpeachably moral and religious, his abilities were but moderate, and his notion of Catholic statesmanship was little better than a backstairs intriguing. His power in the House of Lords was absolutely nothing; however much he might be personally respected, as a parliamentary advocate he never produced the smallest result; while in the secret ministerial chambers, both at home and abroad, he contrived to effect far more harm than good.

In the House of Commons, the only men of note that emancipation introduced were O'Connell and Sheil. The latter was a brilliant, and almost a powerful speaker, but he was a mere political partisan; he was known to the world to be personally a Catholic, but Catholic influence he had none, even nominally. The former, though he undoubtedly exercised a certain amount of power in the House of Commons, was only accidentally, and in certain incidental circumstances, an exponent of the wishes of Catholics as such. He was the leader of a political party, among whose aims the advancement of the Catholic cause held a subordinate place, and which numbered in its ranks many persons who rather hated the Pope than otherwise. O'Connell's parliamentary tactics were moreover identical with those of the old Whig school; his system was, to strike bargains with the ministry of the day; buying and selling favours and support, and working upon the fears of those whom he desired to influence. The practical result we all know to have been little indeed, so far as Catholicism is concerned.

The first member of Parliament whom we have had of any distinction and influence as a Catholic has been Mr. Frederick Lucas. Of him, even those who dislike him the most, admit that he has met with a success far from common in an assembly of so peculiar a character as the Lower House. When he was first elected for Meath, speculation was alive as to the figure he would make in his new sphere. Long before the Catholic public as a journalist, and the object of vehement distaste from some, and as vehement admiration from others, it was usually supposed that he would carry into Parliament the defects as well as the merits of his newspaper writings. Those



who hoped most from him could hardly have avoided fearing that he would ruin himself before the House by the same passionate fondness for personalities, and the same tendency to the extravagant exaggeration of one side of every question, which have marked his career as a journalist. Every body who knew the temper of the House was certain that it would not for an instant endure any thing like an article from the *Tablet*, however cogent its reasonings or forcible its language.

For ourselves, as we have never been among either Mr. Lucas's partisans or his enemies, we do not scruple to say, that long before he entered Parliament we regarded his style of speaking as eminently suited to the House of Commons. The gladiatorial cast of his writing represents only a portion of his character. Nor is he really at home when he assumes the demagogue, and sets a few thousand people stamping, and clapping, and shouting themselves hoarse. He has none of the rollicking recklessness of the true popular orator. Of that jovial good-humour and relish for a row simply for the fun of it, without a desire to do any body any serious harm, which enabled O'Connell to go through life as a demagogue with so few personal enemies, Mr. Lucas has none. The blows he inflicts are too serious to be forgiven; and that very conscientiousness which restrains him within the limits of orthodoxy and truthfulness, drives him to resort to the very extremes of personal abuse in order to make the impression he desires on audiences incapable of deliberate reasoning. His proper sphere is the House of Commons, where he has deservedly extorted the admiration and respect even of those who most disagree with him. He speaks seldom; when he does so, he speaks like a man who knows what he is about, and is in earnest in wishing to bring about certain positive practical results. He avoids clap-trap and exaggeration; he has never dealt in personalities; and he delivers himself with that plucky courage and determination which are as acceptable to the House as mere vulgar bravado is offensive and intolerable. Above all, he is recognised by the House as a Catholic, not in name, but in reality. He may be a Tenant-Leaguer, an anti-Ministerialist, or any thing else besides; but his distinctive character is that of a Catholic who loves his faith, who obeys its commands, and who would sacrifice every other consideration, if he believed it to interfere with Catholic interests.

With all this, Mr. Lucas and his followers have fallen into that very political system which he has spent his life as a journalist in denouncing in the old Whig Catholics. He has set up a theory, and endeavoured to reduce it to practice,



which is neither more nor less than the old scheme of employing political combinations in order to force concessions to Catholicism from the government of the day. The sole distinction exists in the terms of the bargain. O'Connell and his party, and the English Catholic Whigs and their party, struck bargains with the people in power, in consideration of which they gave them their support in political measures of various kinds. This new party of "independent opposition," as they term themselves, have as yet effected no bargain, simply because the terms they offer are such as no government will agree to. The principle of mixing up political manœuvring with the advancement of the Catholic cause is common both to Mr. Lucas and his old antagonists; and both together do but copy the old Radical party (when Radicalism was alive), of which Grote, Molesworth, and Hume were the leaders. Give us "Tenant-right," and abolish the Irish Church Establishment, says Mr. Lucas to Lord Aberdeen, and we are yours. And he adds, happily not on the floor of the House of Commons, but in speeches and articles innumerable, that Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, and a host more, are scoundrels and traitors to Catholicism, because, having joined these "independent oppositionists," they left him in the lurch, and thought that, after all, there is nothing like the loaves and fishes.

Now this system, we are convinced, is as pernicious to Catholics in Mr. Lucas's hands as it was in Lord Shrewsbury's. No good can come of it; and we shall be strangely surprised if it does not bring forth quite as much harm as the intrigues of decayed old Whig cliquism. Indeed, it has from the first borne no fruit but veritable "apples of Sodom;" and as time goes on, and events take that natural course which no Parliamentary leader on earth can arrest, not only will the good which Mr. Lucas and others like him might do be lamentably neutralised, but internal mischief will result amongst British and Irish Catholics themselves of the most serious and lasting kind. If a Catholic member is to work upon the Protestant House of Commons for the benefit of religion, he must neither be the head nor a joint of the tail of any political party, out of office or in it. Of course, we speak of affairs as they now stand, when it is impossible for a zealous, devoted, and able Catholic to take a lead, either in the Cabinet or in the general Opposition. Nor do we pretend that it is, strictly speaking, the duty of every Catholic member to take no office, and assume no position which may diminish his influence as a Catholic. All men are not bound to devote *every thing* they possess, whether in or out of Parliament, to

the advancement of religion. A man who cannot live without the pay of office, commits no sin in accepting an inferior position, which, though it may perfectly harmonise with his secular politics, may depress him into a nonentity as a Catholic member. Viewing, however, the question as a religious one, we see nothing but evil about to result from this scheme of mixing up the defence of Catholic interests with the success of certain political demands. Indeed, it has already done so much mischief, that many eyes must have been opened to the dangerous principle on which it is based.

The very first practical necessity which springs from its adoption is enough to make every wise man and zealous Catholic pause before he stirs another step. The representation of the Catholic cause is committed to the charge of men whose character and speeches can do nothing but prejudice it in the minds of those whom it is our business to conciliate. Once admit any question not strictly religious into a companionship with the Catholic cause, and your supporters become your most fatal enemies. Our ranks are swelled with a host of men, some Catholics (nominally), some not; but who all agree in employing us and our demands as tools for accomplishing their selfish ends. Those ends may be, in some cases, mere personal display, the vulgar ambition of notoriety, to be gained by speech-making, scribbling, or blowing any loud-roaring instrument in a "brass band." To anticipate any gain to Catholicism, in the present temper of the English people, from the advocacy of such men as these, shows an entire misconception of the means by which mankind are affected. There is but one word which expresses the character of a certain portion of the advocacy which it has been our misfortune to undergo, and which has solely resulted from this contamination of Catholic interests with political schemes: that word is "blackguarding." We do not, of course, mention names; but the fact is only too patent, that Mr. Lucas has, or has had, in or out of Parliament, certain followers, or certain coadjutors, of whose character as public men and "orators" this word gives the only true description. The alliance of such men we hold to be pernicious to the last degree. They prejudice every right-thinking man among Protestants against us. They give the worst colouring to our best acts; and foster the too common notion that we Catholics,—bishops, priests, and laymen,—are a mob of low, cunning, selfish intriguers, whom any body can buy, if only he will not stickle at the exorbitance of the purchase-money. We put it to Mr. Lucas, and the truly Catholic upholders of this "independent opposition party," whether the position



which the member for Meath has attained in the House as a Catholic is in the slightest degree owing to the support and companionship of any one of the partisans who hang on by his skirts, or who submit to his leadership and warm themselves in the sunshine of his respectability. Is it not certain that if he had stood alone,—that is, as an independent member, pledged neither to nor against the ministry,—and unhampered by the “friendship” of Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, he would have commanded not less, but far more, of the respect of the House; and would have been looked upon only as a representative of Catholic energy, Catholic views, and Catholic knowledge, instead of having this noble character dimmed by suspicions of agitatorship, party-spirit, jealousy, and intrigue? And what is true of the member for Meath is equally true of every other member who has at heart, not this or that political move, but the welfare of British and Irish Catholics, and the advance of the true religion.

From this unnatural alliance between gold and clay results, further, an internal scandal of the first magnitude. When men aiming really at different ends, and animated by different principles, agree to act together for one professed purpose, in a very brief space circumstances inevitably arise which make them part company on the most unamicable terms. The forbearance and charity of the best men is then not a little tried; and as in such cases there are sure to be two sides to the questions on which they split, fresh divisions arise among the heartiest Catholics themselves, and a war of words and ill-feeling begins, till we are sick to death of the miserable spectacle of disunion. We have had a specimen of this in the warfare between Messrs. Lucas, Moore, Duffy, &c. on the one side, and Messrs. Keogh, Sadleir, &c. on the other, since Lord Aberdeen formed his government. The personal abuse which has been poured out in torrents on both sides—the recriminating parties being all Catholics—is as mischievous as it is wearying. The sole result is additional bitterness of feeling and heart-burnings; while the Protestant world is edified with the spectacle of Catholic clergymen as well as laymen espousing with all the ardour of personal partisanship the opposite sides in electioneering contests. If any of our readers wish to know the kind of blessings we derive from the introduction of these fiery personalities, we recommend them to read a Dublin newspaper called the *Weekly Telegraph*, a journal which is sold at a very cheap price and has a large circulation. This paper, vehemently Catholic in profession, and for all we know sincerely so, has literally *no* aim but the personal abuse of Mr. Lucas. He is to it what the Pope is to a certain class of



Protestants; without him their vocation is gone. And these scurrilities are circulated weekly by thousands among the Catholics of Ireland and England. Its conductors and proprietors have been so maddened by the attacks of Mr. Lucas and *his* party, that they seem to think no one can ever be tired with repetitions of what they think the infamous conduct of which he has been guilty. And this delectable dish is served-up, if what they tell us is true, to nearly twenty thousand subscribers. A truly edifying relaxation for a pious Catholic on a Sunday after hearing Mass!

But, again, if these party-tactics surround us with highly undesirable adherents, they as certainly prevent any cordial action of the entire body, or even of a large majority, of those who are Catholics, and Catholics above every thing else. As to getting all good Catholics to agree in the political measures thus tacked on to the promotion of Catholic interests, it is a mere dream. We differ in our politics; and we always shall differ, as long as we are good for any thing. Here is this "Tenant-right" question, for instance. The defence of the Catholic poor in the House of Commons is to be entangled, forsooth, with one of the most complicated questions of political economy! A question, moreover, of so peculiar a kind, that any general enthusiasm about it is simply impossible. Whether "tenant-right" is really desirable or not, has nothing to do with the question. It is a very difficult, a very local, and a very dry subject to any body but landholders and farmers; and every attempt to "get up" popular interest in it has to be spiced strongly with abuse and violence of language. Be this, however, as it may, it is lamentable that our best advocates in Parliament should stand pledged to oppose every government which will not grant a demand that no government ever will grant, and which throws an air of unreality and *shamming* over every thing they say or do. Say what people will, the question is theoretically very difficult; while practically five persons out of six will say, "If the Irish attorneys are so stupid that they cannot, or so dishonest that they will not, draw up proper agreements between landlords and tenants, Acts of Parliament can do nothing in the matter." As to the idea that any Parliament will ever grant a compensation for money spent on land in times past, we may just as reasonably expect some fine morning to hear of a note arriving in Golden Square from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the following effect: "My dear Lord Cardinal; Pray do me the favour to accept two thousand pounds a year out of my archiepiscopal revenues. The next time you com-

municate with the Pope, be so kind as to present his Holiness with my most dutiful respects."

But worse than all is the false position in which this recent revival of the old scheme is certain to place its adherents with respect to the highest authorities in the Church. The quarrels now agitating Ireland on the subject of priestly interference in politics are the natural consequence of this jumbling of politics with religion. On the general question of such interference we offer no opinion: but we cannot help remarking, that there are various ways in which a Catholic priest may exercise his influence on votes; and that while some of these may be natural, harmless, and desirable, others may be most injurious to his character and influence as the father of his flock. The giving of private advice to such poor voters as consult him is a very different thing from mounting a platform at a stormy political gathering, and taking part in proceedings in which, whatever else may be displayed, Christian charity certainly has no share.

On the undesirableness of any open dissensions between the Bishops and the parliamentary representatives of Catholic interests, there surely can be but one opinion. Whatever may have been the desirableness of the appeal to the Pope against the Bishop of Ossory, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, surely no Catholic can doubt that it would be very much better if such circumstances never arose. We do not for an instant pretend that Bishops may not be wrong, or priests and laymen right, when they disagree; nor do we question the indefeasible right of every Catholic to appeal from a subordinate authority to the Pope, and its practical expediency in some cases: but we do maintain, that no Catholic member of Parliament can carry any weight *as a Catholic* in the House of Commons or the country, who is believed not to enjoy the confidence of the Catholic hierarchy, as a body. If it is once supposed that the English and Irish episcopate, as a whole, condemn many of Mr. Lucas's proceedings; if it is believed that what is termed a "soreness of feeling" exists between them; farewell all carrying out of those beginnings which he has so happily inaugurated in the House. If a member of Parliament aspires to the work of breaking those fetters of legal and official tyranny which still produce such desolation in our army and navy, in schools, gaols, hospitals, and workhouses, and to fight the good fight for monks, nuns, and priests, he *must* be willing to merge his own opinions as to what is practically expedient in those of the hierarchy. If he and they are known to be at issue, liberal government



and Tory opposition will join in snapping their fingers at him.

If the Bishops are not agreed among themselves, this only makes matters worse. But we do say that any man, whatever he be, who pushes forward certain secular schemes, however harmless in themselves, which he knows *must* tend to produce disagreements between the priesthood and the episcopate, or between the members of the episcopate themselves, undertakes a responsibility which ought to make the boldest tremble. We hold that no external gains can compensate for a diminution of internal strength. If we are not united; if we let the world imagine that half of us are pulling in one direction, and half in another, and that our internal discipline is not what our professions require; then we are at the mercy of our antagonists, and the best thing we can do is to hold our tongues, and learn to mend our ways. Surely we have had enough of the blessings to be hoped for from divisions of opinion in the episcopate, to make us pause ere we ask for more. What would official intriguing have done in former days in Ireland, if it had not been known that half the Bishops were of one way of thinking, and half of the other?

As for the distinction which has been drawn between the internal discipline of the clergy and the conduct of laymen in the setting-up these politico-religious combinations, they appear to us un-Catholic in the extreme. What right has any man to say, "It is no concern of mine what rules Bishops make in purely spiritual matters for *their* clergy"—(as if the priesthood were a species of private episcopal property)—"I shall go my way in politico-religious affairs, without troubling myself for an instant about their influence on the relations between the hierarchy and the priesthood"? We declare that no Catholic has a right to set up any such distinction. The harmonious action of bishop and priest ought to be as dear to the Catholic layman as if he were a bishop or a priest himself. It is perfectly monstrous to pretend, that because it is not a layman's business to *interfere between* a bishop and his clergy, he therefore commits no fault if he is reckless of doing that which he knows must tend to pit them one against another. We say that the discipline of the clergy is every man's concern, and that no man has a right to do that which will needlessly interfere with that discipline. You may as rationally pretend, that because it is not my business to protect all the shop-fronts as I walk along the streets, I am therefore at liberty to amuse myself with tossing stones in every direction, heedless of the windows that I am certain to smash.

We believe, then, that the advancement of Catholic in-



terests with regard to the state and the world in general requires a perfect freedom from *all* party-ties on the part of our Catholic representatives. A Catholic member may have his own personal politics, and as an individual representative freely act upon them, without the smallest damage to the great and good cause: but the moment he enters into an alliance with any men, no matter who they are, which necessitates a mixing up of *party-tactics* with the carrying through of measures of religious interest, that moment the Catholic is more or less lost in the partisan.

Whatever has been Mr. Lucas's success, it would have been much greater had he not been notoriously the patron or the ally of persons of more than questionable Catholicism, and had he been content to forego the gratification of playing the executioner on the deserters from his camp. The function of arbiter of the destinies of Whigs and Tories, Ministerialists and Oppositionists, is one which cannot now really be filled by any Catholic as a Catholic. As Parliament now is constituted, a devoted, able, and business-like Catholic may become a real *power* in the House; but if he stoops to the quarrels and intrigues of mere party, he is lost in the herd of place-hunters and place-holders; and what is worse than all for his influence, he is pretty certain in the end to sink down into the class of those whom the House of Commons looks upon as *bore*s.

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## COMPTON HALL;

OR,

*The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.*

### CHAPTER IV.

LOUISE FANCHETTE. THE COMPTON FAMILY.

SOME little time after the adventure just related, I was consulted by a lively-looking young woman, who spoke English with a French accent, as to the wording of an advertisement which she wished to have inserted in the *Daily Press*. It appeared that she had come over from her native country in the hope of permanent and profitable employment as a dressmaker and milliner's assistant. The promises made to her were, however, so ill kept, that she was thrown upon her own resources for finding employers in any quarter where she could gain an introduction.

One day, while she was busily engaged with her needle,

she was startled by a loud and sudden tap at her door; and before she had time to bid her visitor come in, the door was opened, and there entered a very handsome young lady, who immediately closed the door, advanced into the room, and without saying a word took a seat. Louise—as the little French milliner was called—rose and paid her respects to the stranger, delighted to see what she supposed must be an employer in perspective. I wish I could describe the infinite vivacity with which she portrayed her astonishment at the conversation which followed. For a minute or two her visitor sat still, eyeing her with a look half-timid, half-patronising. At length she began, in the steady voice of a catechiser:

“What is your name?”

“Louise Fanchette, mademoiselle.”

The young lady smiled, and exclaimed, “Ah, indeed! French, I have no doubt.”

Louise’s vision of future mantles and dresses instantly grew more bright, as she replied in the affirmative.

“What are you?” continued her interrogator.

“A milliner and dressmaker, mademoiselle.”

“Oh yes! no doubt! I don’t mean that—most French girls are milliners—but what are you yourself? are you a believer?”

What on earth this could have to do with muslin and ribbons Louise was puzzled to conceive. Accordingly she asked for explanation.

“A believer, mademoiselle? What is that?”

“A Christian, I mean, of course,” was the reply.

“Oh, yes! mademoiselle; I am a Christian. Surely mademoiselle herself is a Christian too?”

“But are you a converted Christian?”

By her own account, Louise here opened her eyes and mouth, and stared.

“Don’t you know that it is written, That except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven?”

“But I have been a Christian ever since I *was* a little child, mademoiselle,” said Louise.

“That is impossible,” bluntly replied the other.

“Pardon me, mademoiselle,” said Louise, “I have a certificate of my baptism with me here, and also a memorial of my first communion. Would mademoiselle like to see it?”

“Awful!” muttered the young lady to herself; “soul-destroying! But how delightful! how providential! A soul to be saved! a brand from the burning!”

Louise confessed, that while her visitor uttered these ejacu-

lations she began to imagine that she must be mad, and was thinking how sad it was that one so pretty, so *distinguée*, and with so graceful a *tournure*, should be thus terribly afflicted. However, she said nothing, and the lady resumed.

"Have you any tracts?"

"Trash! mademoiselle? No, mademoiselle. Every thing that I keep for the ladies who do me the honour to employ me is of the highest *mode*, perfectly Parisian."

"Poor benighted creature!" muttered the lady. "Not trash, but tracts; the word of God, prepared to be scattered far and wide among the heathen and unbelievers."

And here she pulled out a bundle of publications of the description so new to the little milliner.

"Ah, indeed! mademoiselle," said Louise. "We do not preach the gospel to the heathen in that way in my country."

"Let me then affectionately and earnestly exhort you not to sleep without pondering prayerfully over these words of a holy man of God," responded the other. "Oh, Miss Fanchette! think of your soul, hastening unregenerate and unconverted to everlasting torments! Oh! receive the gospel, now freely and fully offered to your acceptance by the mouth of a humble instrument, and believe, and be saved!"

"I am very much obliged to you, mademoiselle," said Louise, "for your good wishes; but I know that I am regenerate, and I hope I have no need of being converted. And indeed, mademoiselle, if I had need, I don't think those little books would do it for me.—May I have the honour of showing mademoiselle the last fashions from Paris? Here is a blue head-dress *à la révolution*, perfectly new, which would exactly suit mademoiselle's style of beauty. Will mademoiselle permit me the honour of trying it on her head? *Bleu céleste!* the very tint for the fair complexion and coloured cheeks of English blondes!"

Here Louise's professional readiness and woman's tact turned the scale of fortune in her favour; and her visitor seemed entirely to forget the purpose of her visit, and began discoursing with an affability *tout charmante*, as Louise expressed it, on colours, complexions, and personal decorations. At length Louise produced a "design," drawn (she declared) by a most distinguished artist, for a ball-dress. Her visitor's countenance at once lengthened, and assumed that peculiar solemnity which had characterised it on her first appearance.

"I never go to balls," she said, impressively, and dropping a book of fashions, which she had been carefully examining; "they are worldly."



“Mademoiselle is *un peu rigoureuse*, is she not?” suggested Louise. “*Janséniste*, perhaps?”

“I am scriptural,” said the lady, who probably knew about as much of Jansenism as of the religion of Timbuctoo; “and the Scripture says, He that will be the friend of the world, is the enemy of God.”

“But does mademoiselle *never* dance?” asked the milliner.

“Never!” exclaimed the lady, with devout horror.

“Oh! *que c’est ennuyant!*” cried Louise, with unaffected compassion.

“How could a redeemed sinner dance?” asked the lady.

This view of the question was so entirely new to Louise,\* that her theology was entirely at fault; and the lady, seeing her advantage, overpowered the unfortunate milliner with such a torrent of texts and apophthegms that she was fairly silenced, and at last wept tears of vexation and annoyance. This the lady took for a token of grace, and accordingly insisted upon it that Louise should communicate with her as to the state of her soul in the course of a day or two. She refused to give her name or address, but desired Louise to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, stating whether she was willing to be instructed with a view to being regenerated; and she gave her half-a-sovereign to pay for the expense. The little milliner herself was so completely taken aback by the whole affair, and when once silenced, was (as she said) so utterly *abîmée*, that she gave a sort of half-promise to her visitor, for the sake of getting rid of her presence for the time. And now, being guiltless of all knowledge of advertisements and newspapers generally, she had found her way, by the advice of some friend, to our office, with a view of keeping her promise to the lady, and in the hope of never seeing her again. She told us the story with infinite *gusto*, though she was evidently totally at fault as to the character and wishes of her visitor. It so happened that Roger and I were the only clerks present when she appeared, and with our assistance she concocted the following advertisement:

“The French milliner, whom a young lady called upon last Monday, and endeavoured to convert by means of tracts, begs to inform her visitor that she is perfectly satisfied with

\* Those who are unaccustomed to the ideas of the class of persons to whom the lady in question belonged, will perhaps be surprised to learn, that one of the great teachers of that school, John Newton, gravely argued against Oratorios by asking whether a condemned band of murderers, who were suddenly set free, would instantly set to music and sing the words of the message of mercy which gave them their lives!

her own religion, and trusts that the lady will not molest her for the future.”\*

This appeared duly in the paper: and we took Louise’s address; for our curiosity was excited, and we wished to see if any thing further would come of the business.

For some little time afterwards I was extremely busy, and not very well, and the affair scarcely crossed my mind. But one morning mentioning it to Roger, I found that he had seen Louise several times; and, in fact, had paid her nearly a daily visit. I was somewhat surprised; but made no remarks, beyond asking whether Louise had been troubled again by her strange visitor. It seemed she had heard nothing more of her, and was in hopes that the whole thing was come to an end. However, I was determined to see Louise again; and the more so, because Roger was manifestly on remarkably friendly terms with her. In the evening accordingly we called, and found that the damsel of the tracts had again twice made her appearance, accompanied by an individual of the male sex, whose proceedings had given the greatest offence to Louise. The lady, she said, conducted herself like a lady; but this fellow was positively offensive; and it was with the utmost difficulty she had endured his conversation. As they took their departure, the lady left her card with Louise, begging her to come to her, if at any time she should wish for advice as to the state of her soul. Louise produced the card, and we read,

“MISS CLEMENTINA VERNON,  
5 — STREET,  
ST. JAMES’S.”

“Clementina Vernon!” said I; “surely I have heard the name some where, though for the life of me I can’t call to mind where.”

“Vernon! Vernon!” echoed Roger, musingly. “Did not old Compton’s daughter, in our neighbourhood, marry a dashing captain of the name of Vernon? At least so I’ve heard the story from my mother, who was governess to the sister of

\* Lest Mr. Walker’s story should be thought too improbable for credit, we copy the following, verbatim, from the advertisement-columns of the *Times* of April last :

“THE ITALIAN MAID, in answer to a letter she received from ‘a lady,’ with a Tract entitled the ‘Buona Novella,’ begs to state she has long since studied the Scriptures, and would not live in any family where she could not attend to her religious duties. If ‘the lady’ will give her name, she is ready to answer any questions she might like to put to her.”

that splendid specimen of a strong-minded woman, Miss Mary Compton, commonly called 'The Squire,' notwithstanding her sex. I'm sure I've heard my mother mention the name of Clementina in connection with the family, in some way or other. By Jove, I'll write and ask her this very night."

Three or four days afterwards Roger came rushing into the room where I was sitting, with an open letter in his hand.

"Here's the whole history at full length," cried he. "Clementina Vernon is the daughter of my mother's pupil, the eldest Miss Compton, her that married Captain Vernon, and died, with her husband, not two years ago; leaving the said Clementina, with a pretty face, a snug little fortune, and a considerably good will of her own, to the care of 'Squire' Compton and her brother. She now lives with the 'Squire' at Compton Hall. And no doubt the 'Squire' is in town at this very moment; and a pretty hubbub she would raise if she knew of the charming Clementina's doings. By Jove, Louise has but to give a hint in that quarter, and Miss Clementina would be forced to take her tracts to some other market."

"But who's the brother?" said I. "I never heard of a Mr. Compton."

"Few people have, no doubt," replied Roger, "when the great Mary was on the *tapis*. He is a brother by old Compton's first wife, and has the living of Compton Parva, a few miles from Compton Hall. The hall and all the property, except the family living, belong to Miss Compton; and much better they are in her hands than her brother William's. Her mother was a cousin of the old Squire's, and an heiress; and the magnanimous Mary being her only child, the property all went to her. My mother tells me they are a most amusing family; all three handsome and clever; but queer to the last degree in their different ways. How I wish they'd be civil to us! Perhaps they would to me, for my mother's sake; and to you also, for my sake. Suppose I put my mother up to giving us an introduction. Two excellent young men; steady, literary, anxious to get on, and all that; but, above all, *Tory* in their political principles. Come, Walker, what say you? Are you willing to be the devoted anti-democrat for the nonce? Nothing less will go down with Squire Mary, I assure you."

"My politics will never interfere with my other principles," said I. "But is Miss Compton so very strenuous a politician?"

"Strenuous! My dear fellow, she's unparalleled, from all I ever heard of her. They do say she wears no colour



but blue, to show her abhorrence of reformers, radicals, and revolutionists of every kind."

"And her brother, what is he? Is he married?"

"Not he, unless it is to some desiccated mermaid or female antediluvian *Ichthyosaurus dolichodeirus*. He's a naturalist, man, of the very maddest species extant. An amiable, kind-hearted, liberal old foggy as ever lived; but mad as a March hare about every thing that crawls, creeps, swims, or flies."

"And the fair Clementina, what is she?"

"That I can't say, for I never heard more of her than that she plagues the 'Squire' superbly. However, if my mother will only prove conformable, we can judge for ourselves."

"Well," said I, "it will be no doubt a good introduction; so set about your letter at once."

In due time Roger's mother informed him that she had written to Miss Compton as he wished; and very shortly he received a polite note from the said lady asking him to dinner, and requesting him to bring his friend Mr. Walker, "who," said the fair writer, "I rejoice to learn from your excellent mother, is devoted to the *right* side in these perilous times."

Meanwhile Roger's visits to the little milliner grew so frequent, that I thought it my duty to remonstrate with him; assuring him that it must certainly look ill in the eyes of the world that he should be so much in the company of a person in her position in life; and that, in fact, the public generally entertained rather a bad opinion of milliners, and especially of French milliners.

"Take care," I said to him, "of compromising your respectability. It is all very well for you and me to amuse ourselves with Louise and her proselytising visitor, but we really must have a regard to our own reputations. As to her reputation, of course that is not our affair."

"My dear Benjamin," rejoined Roger, "Louise is an admirable girl, and a model to young women in her state of life, and in other states also, if the truth were told. She would do credit to any man as his wife."

"Perhaps you would like to marry her yourself," I replied, altogether in jest.

To my alarm, poor Roger blushed up to the eyes, and turned the subject, only replying, "A man might do worse."

I thought to myself, "Well, he *is* a fool!" but I said no more.

The day for dining with the Comptons arrived, and we started together for their house. Roger, I saw, had been put out and excited by something that had occurred; but I did not

care to question him; which I much regretted afterwards, as I might have cautioned him to beware how he made *any* enemies in so good a family as the Comptons.

On our arrival, we found Mr. and Miss Compton in the drawing-room. Roger's account had hardly prepared me for so striking a figure as that of the lady. Verging upon fifty years old (as I should have guessed), she was very tall and upright, well-formed, with fair complexion, Roman nose, and full-shaped chin. Her manner was alternately polished and brusque, but always decided; and her voice, though clear and loud, was musical, and rang through the room like the sharply-sounded notes of an instrument. Her dress was singular in the extreme. She wore a deep Waterloo-blue velvet gown; blue ribbons to her rich lace cap; blue gloves; and on her shoes I detected a tiny knot of blue. She welcomed us with a friendly though lordly air, and expressed her pleasure at making Roger's acquaintance. I saw in a moment that he had made a favourable impression.

In front of one of the windows sat her brother, apparently as tall and handsome as herself, so far as we could judge; for he never stirred an inch when we entered, and his face was buried in a microscope, through which he was examining some mysterious insect fragments. As soon as his sister had said the right thing to us, she turned to him, and exclaimed:

"William! Mr. Walton and Mr. Walker."

He made no response, but gently waved his hand in token of a wish to be left undisturbed.

"My brother is a great naturalist," observed the lady apologetically.

"Divine!" suddenly shouted the individual in question, in a voice that made us almost jump from our chairs; then rising from his seat, he addressed us most politely, and forthwith plunged into a disquisition on the astonishing beauties of the wings of the genus *Coleoptera* when revealed by the microscope. While he was in full discourse, the door opened, and a young lady entered, whom I instantly concluded must be Clementina by her likeness to her uncle and aunt. We were presented to her by the latter; and, as she turned her eyes on Roger, she gave a start of recognition, which caught the eyes of both Miss Compton and myself, and would doubtless have been observed by her uncle also, but that he was already again lost in his microscopic investigations.

"I was not aware that you and my niece were acquainted, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton.

"I had the honour of meeting Miss Vernon for the first

time this morning," replied Roger, looking embarrassed, and not particularly amiable.

"Indeed!" cried the aunt, while the niece turned away and sank gently into an easy chair, and, taking an extremely small silk-covered volume from her reticule, quietly began reading. As we rose to go to dinner, I caught a sight of the title of the subject of her studies: it was *Precious Moments*. She replaced it in its receptacle with the faintest possible sigh, and we took our places at the dinner-table. Nothing worth relating took place during the repast, except that just as I was lifting my first spoonful of soup, Mr. Compton, not having uttered a word before, asked me what was my opinion of the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*. I professed my disgraceful ignorance of the very existence of such a creature; upon which Mr. Compton lifted up his eyes with astonishment, and subsided quietly to his dinner.

Clementina said but little during the dinner; her uncle shot out a remark or a query at distant intervals; but Miss Compton was gracious and agreeable, lively and satirical, and mingled bitterness in the abstract with kindness in the concrete, so that her conversation was more piquant than that of any woman I had ever seen.

When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, I saw in a moment that something untoward had happened. Miss Vernon's face was as dark and glum as it was possible for so brilliant a complexion to appear, and the "Squire" was literally *fuming* with suppressed indignation. She summoned Roger to her side, and thus began:

"My niece tells me, Mr. Walton, that she met you this morning at the lodging of a certain French milliner, and that words passed between you of not the most friendly kind. May I ask, without impertinence, what was the occasion of your meeting in such a place, as my niece declines to satisfy my curiosity?"

Roger looked infinitely foolish, and declared, that if he had said any thing which was rude or painful to Miss Vernon's feelings, he was sincerely grieved, and requested her pardon.

"At the same time," added he, "I am sure Miss Vernon will admit that there was some slight provocation on her part; and that the young person in whose lodgings we met would have been in a very uncomfortable position if I had not ventured to interfere."

"Eh? what? what's that?" cried Mr. Compton, suddenly waking up to an interest in what was going on about him. "Clementina! Mr. Walton! Pray explain yourselves immediately."



Both parties thus addressed maintaining a perfect silence, Miss Compton repeated her brother's command with additional emphasis. Miss Vernon then quietly observed to her uncle:

"It is impossible, sir, that you should understand either my motives or my conduct in the affair to which this gentleman alludes: our religious ideas are as far distant as the poles."

"I beg your pardon, Clementina," replied he, with grave kindness; "*no* conduct can be fitting in a young lady which cannot be justified in the eyes of her natural guardians."

"I decline to have my conduct regulated by any rules but those of the word of God," loftily retorted the young lady.

"Your *own* word, you should say," interposed Miss Compton. "But what has this to do with your uncle's question?"

"I shall leave this gentleman to satisfy you," replied Clementina, waving her hand towards Roger, who, thus appealed to, explained that Miss Vernon had been visiting Louise Fanchette, with a view to convert her; that she had, more than once, been accompanied by a male companion, whose conduct had been peculiarly impertinent; and that this very day Roger, happening to come in to visit Louise, who, he said, was an acquaintance of his, and a most respectable person (being born to a better social position), had been requested by her to defend her against the controversial attacks which Miss Vernon had thought proper to make upon her, and which she, being a Frenchwoman and a Catholic, could not in the least comprehend.

"And pray who is the individual whom you make your companion in these apostolic visits, Clementina?" asked Miss Compton, when Roger had ended. "I presume he calls himself some sort of a Dissenter, and is a low Radical, and has a design upon your purse."

"I know nothing of Dissent or the Establishment in *my* religion, aunt Mary," retorted Clementina; "my friend is a Bible Christian; and for me that is enough."

"Good heavens! Clementina," ejaculated her uncle; "is it possible that you can be consorting with persons of this class? Is it not enough that you should have adopted these mistaken views, and introduced Calvinism into this orthodox family, distinguished for generations for its High-Church principles,—that you must needs appear in the streets of London with a coarse-minded sectary, who lives by deceiving others?"

To this Clementina coolly replied: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," while her aunt rose from her chair, and paced the room in royal indignation.

"Perhaps, niece, you will tell me what it was that induced

you to select this Frenchwoman in particular as the object of your attentions?" she cried, without ceasing her walk. "You know I have a particular objection to the French."

"French people have souls," quietly remarked the niece.

"Pouff!" exclaimed the aunt, with undisguised scorn.

"But what are their souls to you, Clementina?" asked the uncle.

"Their souls are lost," replied the niece, "if they die in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

"What *does* the girl mean?" cried the aunt, stopping her perambulations.

"I mean, that this Louise Fanchette is a Papist," said the niece.

"Pouff!" cried the aunt, recommencing her walk.

"She considers herself a Christian, because she has been baptised; and offered to show me the certificate of her first communion," continued the niece.

"And quite right, too," exclaimed the uncle; "I honour the girl for doing so. And let me tell you, niece, that you are doing very wrong in attempting to disturb the religious convictions of any person who acts up to his light and knowledge."

"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" ejaculated the niece, with the tone and look of a popular preacher.

"Clementina," cried the aunt, "your remarks to your uncle are in the highest degree disrespectful. Really, brother, you ought not to allow your niece to be so impertinent to you."

"The word of God can never be impertinent," remarked the niece. "Paul says, that we should preach the word, both in season and out of season."

"*Saint* Paul, if you please, Clementina," said the uncle. "I heartily wish you would practise what the apostle teaches you, instead of misquoting his writings."

"All our righteousnesses are filthy rags," observed the niece, in the same quiet but artificially solemn tone in which she gave forth her Bible quotations.

"Good heavens! Clementina, you are absolutely intolerable," exclaimed the aunt.

"My dear niece," mildly remonstrated the uncle, "you mistake the meaning of the passage in question. The righteousnesses of those who are regenerated by baptism are not filthy rags!"

"A soul-destroying doctrine!" ejaculated the young lady, with unperturbed solemnity.

"Well, Clementina," said the aunt, "Papist or no Papist—

filthy rags or clean rags, I will not suffer a niece of mine to walk about London in company with Dissenters and revolutionists. I insist upon it, accordingly, that while you remain in my charge you conduct yourself in a way becoming your station and character, and do not make your religion, whatever it is, a pretence for disobeying your uncle and me. And as for you, Mr. Walton, if you will accept my advice, you will have as little as possible to do with Frenchmen or Frenchwomen."

"Come, come, sister," said Mr. Compton, "you are a little too sweeping in your censures. You should remember what services the French nation has rendered to science. The great Cuvier himself is a Frenchman."

And thus ended this passage-at-arms between the parson, the "Squire," and the proselytising niece. The rest of the evening was passed more peaceably, except that Miss Compton gave vent to an occasional gale of indignation against the levelling tendencies of the day. She rose from her seat, and again paced the room in queenly wrath, when I mentioned the subject of the rick-burnings, now becoming frequent in various parts of the country, under the guidance of the notorious "Swing" and his associates.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "is the race of English gentlemen extinct, that our landed proprietors suffer themselves to be attacked in their very houses by an armed mob of peasantry; and buy them off, bribing the scoundrels to spare their homesteads, instead of seizing the ringleaders in the midst of their poor deluded followers, and carrying them to the punishment they deserve?"

A startling recollection here came across her brother. He threw himself back in his chair, struck his hand on his forehead, and at length exclaimed, "My dear Mary, what *will* you say to me? I entirely forgot it till this moment. My thoughts have been so fixed on the wonders of microscopic discovery, that it has entirely escaped my memory to show you a most unaccountable letter which came to me this morning. Here it is."

The letter thus produced ran as follows. I give it *literatim*, having been allowed to take a copy at another time:

"Mistur Cumpton, Sur; This cums giving of notis to you and all it may consurn, that if so bee your infernal new macheens is not sent away befor the 7nth, they will be destroyed and burnt, your ricks also likewise. From one you know off. Swing.

"For Mr. Cumpton, Parson; Cumpton Parva."

Never shall I forget Miss Compton's countenance as she read this epistle; not a little alarming in the then troubled



state of the agricultural population of some parts of England.

"And you have had this in your pocket all day, William?" she observed, fixing on the penitent parson her piercing eyes. "Well, it is useless to reproach you now. Mr. Walker, be so good as to ring the bell near you."

I obeyed. The servant entered. Miss Compton quietly said to him, "Order the travelling-carriage and four posters to be at the door in half-an-hour from this time."

The man departed, with no apparent surprise.

"We must wish you good evening, gentlemen," continued Miss Compton, addressing Roger and me. "William, it is necessary that you should go with me. Clementina, ring for your maid, and bid her pack without an instant's delay. Good night, gentlemen."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE ORDINARY AT THE "THREE JOLLY FARMERS." AN AGITATOR AND HIS DUPES.

A few days after our dinner at the Comptons', I was turning over a heap of country newspapers, looking out for the odds and ends of intelligence, in order to assist the sub-editor of the paper on which I was employed in his responsible work. I was in hopes myself of soon getting a lift in the ranks of newspaper *employés*; and the kindness I was doing my friend the sub-editor was thus equally profitable to myself, as it gave me practice in a part of his duties, which I trusted shortly to turn to good account. If I could only be allowed to take his place, I thought, during an occasional illness or absence, and could prove my competence for the task, then, if the post should become vacant from any cause, I, though young, might possibly be elevated, at least on trial, to succeed him.

In those days London newspapers were more dependent on provincial journals for their information than they have since become. The astonishing advances we have made in the means of locomotion and of conveying intelligence have had their effect on journalism, by raising the metropolitan publications to a higher level than ever as compared with their country competitors. A London paper now sends off "our own correspondent," or finds such a personage on the spot, wherever any thing suddenly occurs of more than common interest. I flatter myself (not unjustly, I trust), that I have been one of the chief instruments by which this important "own correspondent" system has become an elementary portion of metropolitan journalism; and it was on the morning I

speak of, that it first struck me, what a pity it was that London editors were so little alive to the importance of having special agents of their own wherever any thing happened that was worth telling well.

Among a host of paragraphs about turnips, highway-rates, drunken brawls, borough squabbles, and tremendous Tory prophecies of the immediate downfall of the British empire, my eye lighted on the words Compton and Compton Hall, frequently repeated. The gist of the information, which was very stupidly conveyed and with palpable inconsistencies, was to the effect that the story of the rick-burning and riotings, which had caused the Compton family so much alarm, was only too truly founded in fact. The whole county in which Compton Hall was situated was agitated by disturbances among the peasantry; and scarcely a night passed during which the flames did not shoot up into the gloomy sky from the burning ricks or barns of some unfortunate farmer. Other parts of England were similarly disturbed; and accounts from Normandy brought tidings of a kindred incendiarism on the other side of the Channel. The alarm thus caused was increased by mysterious reports of the presence of emissaries at work among the ignorant country population assuming the name of "Swing." Whether this notorious personage was one or many-headed seemed totally unknown; but it was certain that a spirit of violence and discontent had spread among the labouring classes of the agricultural population to an extent which had seriously frightened the aristocracy and gentry of the disturbed districts.

It immediately occurred to me, that it would be decidedly for the interest of a London newspaper that it should be able to report the progress of these rustic troubles on some better authority than the penny-a-liners of the provincial press or the illogical declamations of terrified farmers. And as chance had just made me personally acquainted with the Comptons, whose names figured prominently in the list of the gentry who were especially distasteful to "Swing" and his dupes, I resolved on a bold stroke, and went straight to the manager of the *Daily Press*, and expounded to him my views. As there was nothing to gain by caution, I told him the whole story of the dinner at the Comptons', so far as it bore upon the incendiary question, in order to show the manager that I was on such terms of acquaintanceship with an important county family as would put me in a position among the landowners of —shire seldom accorded to the "gentlemen of the press." I ended by modestly proposing myself as a fit person to be sent down to report on the true state of affairs in

the agitated districts. In a couple of days the proposal was accepted; I received a sufficient sum of money for all probable expenses, and started by the mail for Arkworth, the nearest market-town to Compton Hall, the very same night.

It was my intention to present myself in my real capacity to Miss Compton, whom I well knew I could conciliate by a judicious application of the stock-phrases popular with ladies and gentlemen of her complexion; and in order to make my way with her brother the naturalist, I crammed diligently with some of the very latest and some of the most obsolete scientific information I could get hold of in a short space of time. This, I have observed, is the best way to pass oneself off for a well-informed and profoundly-thinking person, on any subject. Learn to talk fluently about what every body has long forgotten or exploded,—this makes people think how deeply you must have studied the subject, to have got so very far back in its study; and pick up a few telling discoveries and theories, quite fresh from the mint of the day,—and you are esteemed to be fully up to the demands of the present hour, and an enthusiastic lover of science, or what not. Accordingly I stuffed myself hard with Pliny, for the old, and with Cuvier, for the new; and feared not for the result of any encounter with the Rev. William Compton, whose brains, I shrewdly suspected, were pretty thickly hung with cobwebs.

On arriving at Arkworth, I put up at a second-rate inn, as more likely to bring me into contact with the people whose talk I wanted to hear than any house of more ambitious pretensions. From what I learnt from the desultory information vouchsafed by the sleepy and grumbling night-travellers who were my companions in the coach, I decided that the “Three Jolly Farmers” would be just the sort of rustic hostelry to suit my purpose. There accordingly I conveyed myself; and after breakfasting, strolled about the town and neighbourhood, to pick up whatever stray news I could come across in shops, farms, and labourers’ cottages. One o’clock found me again at the inn, seated at table at a farmers’ ordinary (for it was market-day); which, however, was joined by a few non-agricultural individuals like myself.

So far as it was possible for inane and wooden countenances to express any decided emotion, and so far as trouble could be imagined to exist in men whose capacity for platefuls of mutton and noggins of ale seemed unlimited,—so far the looks of the hungry farmers were indicative of an unusual gravity and thoughtfulness. When the meal was verging towards its close, and an occasional grunting or puffing gave signs of approaching satiety, occasional words and broken phrases began to



give utterance to the latent discontents and alarm. The conversation—if conversation it might be called—at last became general.

“Well, Mr. Hockley,” said a farmer near me, of a rather more educated-looking cast than the majority of the company, “what’s the news from your side of the country? It’s not often you give us your company here, and I hope you have better news for us than we have for you.”

“Bad’s the best,” rejoined Hockley, an angry-looking agriculturist of the very old school. “And the bad will be worse, if these cursed preachers and schoolmasters ain’t put down pretty soon. I say the law ought to do it: that’s what I say.”

“Ay! ay!” growled two or three sympathising but harsh voices, from different parts of the table.

“It’s all along of reading and writing,” cried one.

“That’s what I tells our pairson,” cried another, “when he tells me my labouring men ought to read the Bible. I say, that from reading and writing the next step’s rick-burning, says I. If a fellow can’t read, why then he can’t make nothing out of them papers that infernal scoundrel ‘Swing’ is sending about the country. Why, it’s as plain as the nose on my face, says I.”

And truly it must have been plain indeed, if as clear as the intensely rubicund feature to which the somewhat illogical speaker thus directed attention.

“When the pairsons get their own ricks burnt, they’ll sing another song, I’ll swear,” ejaculated another personage.

“Ay, ay! that they will,” echoed Hockley; “and the landlords too; when we have my lord’s threshing-machine knocked to pieces, and a few squires’ barns on fire, we shall have the soldiers down upon the murdering villains fast enough.”

“It’s all along o’ toithes; that’s my opinion!” interjected a fresh speaker.

“It’s all along o’ pairsons and bishops!” cried another, of a less jovial aspect than the rest, and evidently of a methodical turn. “There’s no pairsons in Scripture. If we’d none but gospel-ministers, we’d have no rick-burnings.”

“All pairsons be’ant so bad though, Mr. Corker,” suggested his next-door neighbour. “There’s our minister, now; he be a good sort of a man that, anyhow.”

“What, Pairson Compton?” responded Corker. “Ay, ay, he be a fool!”

“No, no; not quite that, Mr. Corker,” said the other.

“What! not a fool, that loves dead beetles better than

loive pigs? and when a' gets his toithes paid don't even count the money; but puts it in a bit of a desk in a room full of stuffed birds and outlandish beasts, where they say there's never a bolt to the shutters, nor a lock to the doors? If a' be'ant a fool, then I be!"

As Mr. Corker thus expressed his opinions, I happened to notice that an individual at the extreme end of the table suddenly pricked up his ears, and eagerly but quietly noted all he said. He was a tall wiry man—clearly not a farmer—with short-cropped hair, so far as I could judge from the sight of his back; for he sat on the same side of the table as myself, and his face being turned in the opposite direction, I could not catch a glimpse of his features. I could hardly tell why, but he attracted my attention more than any one else in the room. He proceeded to ask Mr. Corker a few questions about the said naturalist-parson, his habits, his wealth, and his parsonage; all in an apparently careless way, but, as it struck me, with some definite object beyond the mere satisfaction of his curiosity. The farmers stared at him as a stranger; but when he stopped his queries, took no more notice of him, and continued their desultory talk over lighted pipes and hot spirits-and-water. As I never could bear the mingled effluvia of gin and tobacco, I then made my escape; and after scribbling a few notes of the morning's occurrences, turned out for another walk.

Every thing I heard confirmed me in the belief that some persons were at work among the peasantry; working upon their ignorant minds, and inducing them to fancy that the destruction of threshing-machines, and the firing of barns and ricks, was a sure way of redressing their grievances. Who these persons were nobody seemed to know; though it was a general impression that they came from a distance, and were connected with some political society or other. It was said also, that more than one small farmer in the county was secretly leagued with the agitators; and motives of personal revenge were put down as prompting them to so suicidal a line of conduct. As to the alleged grievances of the labouring poor, I, who had no particular connection with any one class, could see plainly that some of them were real, and that the administration of the poor-law (as it then stood) was a frightful evil; while the ignorance of both employers and employed was profound. Nor, as far as I could make out, were the landlords generally at all equal to the emergency. Violently opposed to one another on purely political questions, Whig and Tory alike seemed to be insensible to the policy of ameliorating the daily life of the poor, as the best means of

making them practically contented. A few landholders, indeed, among whom the Comptons' were spoken of as pre-eminent, formed exceptions to the rule; and these were not confined to either of the two great political parties of the day. On the whole, I determined to try to learn something more definite before presenting myself at Compton Hall or Compton Parva.

I am naturally of a cool and collected temperament, as well as fertile in devising plans for attaining my ends. When, therefore, it struck me, that if I could by any lucky chance come across a secret meeting of the agitators and their dupes (such as I felt sure must be taking place some where), I experienced no sensation of alarm lest I should get into an awkward scrape. But how to discover the nests frequented by these birds of night completely puzzled me. If any to whom I carelessly mentioned the subject knew any thing about it, they kept it profoundly secret; and the day was drawing to a close, and the dusk creeping on, and I was still at a loss. By way of precaution, in case any thing should occur, I went to the inn and fetched a brace of pocket-pistols, and once more sallied out.

A sudden shower of rain came on, and I took refuge under a narrow archway close at hand. It was gloomy enough in the street, but in the court to which the archway led it was pitch-dark. The rain soon began to drive through the opening, and I retreated further into the shelter, feeling my way with my walking-stick. Pressing closer and closer to the side-walls of the passage, I found that I was ensconced in a sort of large recess, which I guessed might be a disused coach-house, by a few fragments of broken wheels which I felt lying about. Where the passage led to, no eye could see, for the darkness was complete; but from the echo of an occasional noise, I formed a notion that it was but narrow, and was not a thoroughfare.

"Well!" thought I to myself, "it's dry enough waiting here, at any rate. After all, this is as likely a place as any other to lead to the kind of rendezvous that I'm looking out for; I can but waste my time if I stay for an hour or so."

As I thus meditated, a passenger entered the arch, walked rapidly along the passage, of course without perceiving me, and gently knocked once, at what I thus learned was a door at the furthest end. No one answering, he knocked again, —this time twice. The door still remaining closed, he once more knocked, with three low distinct taps. The door was instantly opened, and I heard a voice say: "Is the moon up yet?"



"An hour ago," said another voice, in a similarly low tone. The same voice then continued:

"Which way does the wind blow to-night?"

"Over Lambton Moor," quickly responded the first speaker.

"Come in," said the other; and the door was gently closed.

"Oh, ho!" said I to myself; while, with all my coolness, my heart began to quicken its beats: "this is the right track at last."

Fresh steps interrupted my speculations; and listening again with strained ears, I heard the same conversation take place, with the same result.

Parties of two or three at a time soon succeeded, and the repetition of the passwords invariably obtained them admission. At last no more seemed to be coming.

"Now," thought I, "is the time; shall I venture? It's a bold stroke, no doubt; but after all, I have my pistols, and they will hardly venture on extremities, and the chances are ten to one against my being found out; I can easily concoct some sort of a story if I am questioned."

Bracing my nerves with a sharp effort, I then left my lurking-place, and felt my way up the passage. I tapped, as the rest had done; and when the door was opened, put the proper query in a whispering and artificial voice, giving my words as rustic a pronunciation as I could contrive. All went on smoothly, and I was admitted.

"The die is cast," thought I; "now for the game."

A hot stifling atmosphere almost choked me, coming as I did from out of the cold evening air. I found myself in a small room, opening into a narrow passage, up which I instantly proceeded; it was very dimly lighted, a circumstance in which I rejoiced, as favouring my chances of concealment. Going onwards, I found my progress stopped by a small crowd of men, who thronged the entrance into a large low room. I could see into it over the shoulders of the persons who closed the entrance, while they effectually concealed me from the people in the room itself; it was, like the passage, very scantily provided with light; indeed a large portion of it was almost in darkness,—a precaution doubtless taken in order to show the features of the leaders of the plot to as few of their followers as possible. My own eyesight being remarkably good, I probably saw as well as any one present; but it was with difficulty I could distinguish the appearance of the person who was haranguing the assemblage when I drew near. He was apparently an active, vigorous man, with long black hair and very large drooping moustaches, with a strange and dis-

agreeable expression of face; so far as a wide cloak allowed his dress to be seen, it was smart and showy, to the extent of decided vulgarity; indeed, it seemed to me as if it might have been got up for the purpose of astonishing the simple natives of ——shire, unaccustomed to discern between the habiliments of a gentleman and those of a London swell: he certainly was not of the rustic population of any part of England.

When I came within hearing, he was enlarging on the sufferings of the labouring classes, and abusing the farmers and landlords with no sparing words.

“Who starve and grind the poor, I say,” he cried, “but they that take the blood out of their veins and the strength out of their bones, and leave the men that make all the corn grow nothing but potatoes and cold-water to keep body and soul together? Who bring down these infernal machines to take the labour out of the poor man’s hands, and throw him starving on the parish? What right, I say, has one man to ride in a coach, while others as good as he is can’t get shoes to cover their frozen feet? Are not all men made equal? Why should one man be a master, and the other a servant? Don’t tell me these things can’t be helped: I say they can be helped, and they shall be helped—unless,” he added with a bitter sneer, “unless I speak to slaves and cowards, and men that had rather see their wives and children rot on the roadside than strike a blow to save them from dying. Talk to me of laws, and kings, and magistrates! Faugh! they make the laws, not for your good, but for their own. Will they give you your rights? Never! What! Squire Blagrove, that transported a man because he snared a hare to save his wife from starving, and she with a sick infant at her breast? And Lord Trumpington, that put a poor fellow in jail because he came drunk into his park one day, and couldn’t pay the fine of five shillings those scoundrelly justices laid on him; and his lordship’s self drunk every night of his life, if all stories be true? What! tell me that these are the people to give *you* your rights? Never!

“You must right yourselves, my men, I tell you:” and here he lowered his voice. “When my lord, and the squire, and the parson go to the windows of their fine rooms at night, and they see another light besides the moon and the stars, then they’ll do you another kind of justice. But remember, union and secrecy for all!”

And so he continued some little time longer; and when he sat down, one man after another followed from among the labourers themselves, speaking in their own rough, inarticu-

late, passionate way; and not contenting themselves with such vague generalities as were employed by the crafty scoundrel who was spurring them on, but naming one landlord or farmer after another as deserving swift and sure vengeance. At last Mr. Compton's name was mentioned; but it was not received with the same marks of reprobation which accompanied the names of most others. There was plainly a demur as to doing him any damage. But the strange man with the moustaches contrived, by asking a few leading, or rather misleading questions, to make Mr. Compton seem guilty of some petty atrocity really committed by his tithe-agent; and threats against him, low and deep, ran through the crowd.

By this time I thought that I had seen as much as I was likely to see with safety to myself, and I quietly turned round and walked away. I left the house unquestioned, and regained the "Three Jolly Farmers" in a considerable state of nervous excitement. After a moderate supper—for, as I before remarked, I am constitutionally a temperate man—I went to bed, my mind filled with the events of the day. Sleep was for a long time out of the question; and when it came at last, I was haunted with confused dreams of the farmers, and huge dishes of mutton, and incendiary orators, and dark passages, varied with that sensation of suddenly falling into bottomless space, with which most uneasy sleepers are so painfully familiar. Over and over again, too, I was harassed by that singular double consciousness which often attends dreams founded on recent events, in which the mind seems to be at once dreaming and knowing that it is dreaming. A sort of confused, yet clear chain of reasoning seemed to be passing through my mind, by which I proved to myself that I had before seen the individual with the dark moustaches, and knew who he was. At last all appeared unanswerably clear, and the agitation of the dream died away in a calm certainty that I would expose him to the world without delay; and so I slept in peace.

In the morning, the common puzzle between the visions of dreamland and the certainty of waking knowledge came upon me with its fullest force. I remembered my conviction that I could trace the identity of the incendiary orator; but the conviction itself had disappeared. Still, it had left a certain impression upon my mind; and all the time that I was dressing and breakfasting I worried myself with trying to put things together, so as to satisfy my cool judgment. After interminable meditation, the only thing I felt sure of was, that I had heard the man's voice before. To any previous knowledge of his appearance memory gave no clue. And such



were the results of my first four-and-twenty hours in Arkworth and its neighbourhood.

[To be continued.]

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## A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

[Concluded from p. 59.]

AT the end of that time a very honourable appointment was offered to my father; but such was his esteem for my mother, and such his respect for her opinions, that he travelled day and night a long journey to consult her before he returned an answer to ministers. She immediately recollected having heard, that in the situation which Lord T—— would fill, she, as his wife, would be expected every Sunday to accompany him in state to attend the Anglican worship. She told him that the etiquette, state, and forms of such a situation would be foreign to her habits, and irksome to her; but that for his satisfaction and wishes she would gladly make any sacrifice;—her only objection was one, but it was paramount; if he could remove the necessity of attending so publicly and in state, or at all, the Anglican worship, she would wave every other objection, and cheerfully accompany him;—for she resolved to make this stand, foreseeing that if she did not, it might afford a pretext for once more coercing her to what she not only detested, but knew to be wrong, and therefore was determined not to do. He appeared discomposed; but having anticipated almost a refusal, knowing how disagreeable such a situation would be to my mother, he was so charmed with the complaisance with which she put aside all objections, except that one which arose from conscience, that he solemnly promised her that she should not be asked to comply with the customary attendance on Sundays, and that her aunt, Miss N——, might accompany her; whom, if she promised entire secrecy, he would allow to make some arrangements during their residence in ——, which would probably be of three or four years' duration, to facilitate my mother's occasionally practising her religion. Miss N——'s great good sense and extreme prudence had not only entirely conciliated my father, but even completely engaged his esteem and affection; and her visits, which at first he did not encourage, were now, at his request, so much prolonged, as to render her nearly a permanent occupier of an apartment in his country-house; and in London her own was so near my father's, as to enable her and my mother to be constantly together; all of which had for the last two or three

years greatly contributed to the increasing happiness of my mother. Her character (my mother's) had indeed daily risen in my father's respect and even veneration. Sense, talents, wit, united with an unswerving propriety and decorum of manners, which had placed her reputation in the world even at her age so far above the possibility of censure or calumny, and all combined with a piety, religious feelings, and attachment to her religion under every difficulty, known only to himself, and which he could not have believed possible had he not seen it in her,—such conduct could not but induce him to be more indulgent towards her, especially as he had no reason to think that the secret of her religion was at all suspected; and to keep it secret seemed to be his only aim.

After their removal, therefore, to ———, which took place shortly, my mother's religious comforts increased; for her aunt, readily promising a secrecy which my father relied on as she *had* promised it, and delighted to be at length enabled to help her niece, easily made an arrangement which, while it insured the utmost privacy, afforded my mother almost every Sunday the happiness of assisting at Mass and participating in the Holy Eucharist,—my father's public avocations effectually preventing him from perceiving how often she availed herself of her aunt's arrangements; and as he had specified no periods when they should take place, there was no disobedience in her thus often profiting of this comfort, though possibly Lord T. was far from imagining how often she did so. This indulgence, however, lasted only a year and a half, during which time they remained in ———. When they returned to England, the sad trial of privation again awaited her whenever they were at their country-seat. Seven miles from thence there was a Catholic chapel, which Miss N—— regularly attended; but it was in the house of a Catholic gentleman, and could not be resorted to without the knowledge of the family; and my mother well knew that my father never would consent to admit others into the secret. However, during several months that in every year they passed in London, Miss N—— having proposed to Lord T—— (who was by this time heartily tired of having to arrange the annual meeting with Father T——, and who found that nothing had transpired in consequence of her arrangements in ———) to continue her arrangements for her niece, he consented to it; and consequently every Sunday and festival, and by degrees several days of the week, my mother, by going early to her aunt's house, privately heard Mass there, often too meeting Father T——, and approaching the holy sacraments.

After this had lasted a couple of years, Miss N—— found

herself obliged to visit the continent; but at her house my mother had renewed acquaintance with an excellent Catholic lady who in her youth often visited at her father's, and she introduced her to Lord T——, who, pleased with her, invited her often to the house; and learning to appreciate her character, allowed my mother during her aunt's absence to attend her devotions at this lady's house in town. It was here that one day, having met Father T——, she had desired the carriage to come for her and bring her two youngest children, my younger brother and myself, as she was anxious to procure for us the good old father's blessing, and we were too young to understand or repeat any thing we might see or hear. After he had blessed us, as we played about the room, Father T—— said to her, "Do not be anxious or unhappy about that little girl; it is true that she will be educated in a false religion, but endeavour to prevent any prejudices being instilled into her mind, and depend upon it she will be a Catholic. The poor little boy will have more difficulties, the world will stand more in his way; but do not despair either of *him*—pray for them both, and trust in Providence." Thank God! as far as regards myself, Father T—— was a true prophet. Oh, may the rest of his prophecy be also realised!

Many years thus passed away; the French Revolution broke out,—that astounding crisis, which, while it appeared to sound the knell to all religion in that unhappy country, was the instrument in the hands of God for mainly spreading and encouraging it in this ill-fated land, where the emigration of the royalists, above all, of the parochial clergy, caused an abundance of Catholics and of zealous labourers in the vineyard to be thrown upon our shores. When war was declared, my father, as colonel of the militia of his county, went to pass the summer in Winchester, where it was ordered, for the purpose of organising it, at its first mustering. Winchester was nearly filled with emigrants, and with hundreds of parish-priests from Brittany and Normandy. The English government seemed disposed to assist them in their distress. My father, who was always feelingly alive to the miseries of others, was warmly seconded and often guided in his benevolence by my saintly mother, who, having accompanied him to Winchester, entered with more than her usual zeal into a cause like this. The spacious building, called the King's House, was at that time nearly vacant,—part of it only being used for stores. At my father's suggestion to his relatives, then at the head of the ministry, this fabric was vacated, furnished coarsely but sufficiently, and all the French clergy found in it a shelter and subsistence from the allowance as-



signed to them by the English government; which was organised, as to its distribution, by my father, and entirely, in the first instance, superintended by my mother; whose talents and energy, as well as her unbounded charity, found an ample field for exertion.

But though necessarily a constant visitor at the King's House, and enabled to hold unrestricted communication with its inmates,—many of whom were priests, not only of exemplary piety, but also of great information and learning, several of them having been heads of seminaries and colleges,—yet she was restrained from visiting them every Sunday morning till it was supposed service must be ended. On week-days, however, and on festivals, no prohibitions were issued: she therefore easily found reasons for early visits, which enabled her to assist at Mass; nor had she been long in Winchester, when she received a visit from two Catholic ladies living in the town, friends of her aunt, who had written to them to request they would introduce themselves. Joyfully availing herself of the opportunity of making Catholic acquaintances, she immediately returned the visit; and found their garden-gate nearly adjoined to a Gothic entrance, to which a dead-wall, running at right angles, formed the enclosure on one side of the ladies' small shrubbery, through which their house was approached. On inquiry, they told her the Gothic gateway led to the Catholic church, a small structure then recently erected, and the first since the so-called Reformation, by the pious and learned antiquary, the Rev. J. Milner, at that time priest on the mission at Winchester, afterwards well known as an eminent controversialist and saintly bishop.

One day, as she walked with these ladies in their garden, she heard the sound of an organ, and found that this dead-wall formed one of the walls of the church; and that she could distinctly hear the chant which the choir had then assembled to practise. This instantly gave rise in her mind to a scheme which the following Sunday she put in practice. Having found out at what hour the service began, she went a few minutes afterwards to the ladies' house, and inquired for them. The servant telling her, as she fully expected, that they were gone to Mass, she said she would walk in their garden till they returned; and concealing herself behind the shrubbery, and standing close to the wall, she distinctly heard the *Kyrie eleison*, and was thus enabled to join with the Holy Sacrifice, and for the first time in her life assisted at High Mass! This answered so well, that for several Sundays she repeated it; Mrs. E. and her sister not affecting to notice it. But one Sunday morning, when she reached her destination, and Mass

was just begun, a violent shower of rain came on. Heedless of this, my mother continued at her post; when Mrs. E.'s servant came running out, entreating her to enter the house, and naturally appeared astonished at her preferring to remain in the wet; but, on my mother's peremptory refusal to enter the house, persecuted her with repeated offers of an umbrella, cloak, &c.; all of which, to end the discussion, were taken. And when Mrs. E—— returned from Mass, she met my mother leaving her garden, cold, and as wet as any one must be who has remained for more than an hour exposed to hard rain, sheltered only by a cloak and umbrella.

In the course of that day, Mrs. E—— requested my mother, with many apologies for taking such a liberty on so short an acquaintance, to allow her some minutes' conversation; and receiving her assurances that she would take all she said as coming from the old friend of her aunt, Mrs. E—— told her that her secret was no longer such amongst the Catholics; that she had herself known it some time; and that it was known to the excellent priest of the congregation, who was most anxious, if it were possible, in any way to serve her, or facilitate to her the practice of her religion. That her walks in Mrs. E——'s garden were observed and known to all the congregation; so that her attending Mass was as public as if she were seen in the church: that she was requested by Mr. Milner to tell her, that if, as he thought probable, public attendance were impossible, she had only, half an hour before Mass on Sundays, to go to his house; a stair from the sacristy led to a small gallery above the altar, the front of which was closed, but where he could easily contrive an aperture, which would enable her to see the altar, while it would be quite unobserved in the church: that he should feel himself much honoured by her placing in him this confidence, and by allowing him, as far as was possible, to devote himself to her service. To this, Mrs. E——, requesting to avail herself of the privilege of age, united her earnest advice and entreaties that these offers might be accepted, and that my mother would allow her to introduce this worthy priest to her at her own house, which might be done privately; assuring her of the full reliance which she might place, not only on Mr. Milner, but also on herself and her sister.

My mother could not but gladly avail herself of these friendly offers; for she ran no greater risk by going to the priest's house than to Mrs. E——'s; and she had no reason to believe that my father had observed these Sunday visits, or if he had, that he objected to them. In fact, he was then beginning to shut his eyes to every thing that did not attract



public observation in my mother's conduct, convinced that it was in vain to continue a system of coercion which the natural kindness of his heart and generosity of his temper rendered most painful to him, especially when directed towards a wife he so highly respected, esteemed, and loved, and which experience had shown him was utterly useless in diminishing her attachment to, or her eagerness in practising, the observances of her religion. So that it was evident to the world that he discouraged, and in no way facilitated to her the practice of Catholicity, it had now become indifferent to him how far she attended to it in private. She therefore immediately made an acquaintance with Mr. Milner, putting herself under his spiritual direction; and a mutual respect and regard soon commenced between them: whilst on the Sunday following, great indeed was her joy at taking possession of the concealed place in the gallery, where undisturbed she, for the first time, though she had then been one-and-twenty years a Catholic, had the happiness of joining with a congregation of the faithful in offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and of uniting in the prayers of the Church. It was therefore with great regret that she knew my father intended shortly returning to his country-seat.

But Providence now seemed inclined to reward her long-tried constancy. During his stay at Winchester, my father had contracted intimacies with several of the French clergy, whose attainments in literature made them acceptable to him; while, at the same time, the urbanity of their manners, and their patience under suffering, had won his regard. He invited the most distinguished amongst them to the enjoyment of his magnificent library at ——. As they had long suspected my mother's secret, she after a time confided it to several of them, and obtained their promises that, in turns, all whom Lord T. (now Lord B.) invited should accept his hospitality; so that while she remained in the country two of them should always be at the house, to be replaced by others in rotation. They explained to my father, that if they were his visitors, he must allow them a place, however small, be it room or closet, where they could celebrate Mass; for that every day they wished, if possible, to do so; and that he might see by the small oratories fitted up in various parts of the King's House, that, bringing with them, as they should do, what was necessary, such as chalice, &c., a small space only was necessary.

A great change had been wrought in my father's mind. But a few years before, he would have exclaimed at the impossibility of allowing Mass to be said in his house; but my mo-



ther's conduct, and that of the excellent men whom he had now for some time seen so constantly, had inspired him with a respect for Catholics, and shown him that under no circumstances or temptations did they neglect the practice of religion. This request, however, made him hesitate. But he saw that unless he agreed to it he must forego their society; nor can I doubt that he wished, without appearing to do so, to afford my mother secretly the comforts which he knew to her were the greatest she could enjoy. He assured them, therefore, that all he stipulated for was a promise of inviolable secrecy,—that not even a servant in — House must suspect that Mass was said,—that it must be at the earliest possible hour, privately and unknown to any one. All this they faithfully promised; and when, soon after my father and mother's return to —, the venerable Abbé Martin and Abbé Malsherbes announced their intended visit, Lord B—— desired the groom of the chambers to prepare rooms for them opening one into another, one of which led into a closet lighted by one window, only seven feet by ten, but large enough to contain a large table, which served as an altar. And this closet, for the remainder of my mother's life, was her oratory,—the sanctuary where she fled for refuge from sorrows, trials, and mortifications, and from the annoyances of a world where she was compelled to live and mix in its gayest scenes; for — was always the centre of all that was what the world calls delightful,—all that riches could give, and power, and influence,—its halls constantly filled with the leading politicians, wits, and fashion of the day;—yet, while it resounded with music, laughter, and hilarity, my mother (whose wit and talents made her the life of every diversion, and who constantly exerted herself, even when her mind was ill at ease, to promote the amusements of a crowded host of visitors, because it was her husband's pleasure to assemble them, and to see his house the focus of splendour and gaiety), when mirth was at its height, and her absence would be unperceived, would steal to the little solitary oratory, and pouring forth her heartfelt thanksgiving that she at last could constantly, though secretly, enjoy the consolations of religion, earnestly pray that the mind of a beloved husband, which she rejoiced to see emancipating itself gradually from a dark cloud of prejudice, might be enlightened to see and know the truth.

And how earnestly would her prayers be offered for the poor children, to whom she was not permitted to teach the one only faith; but whose young minds she endeavoured to train at least to the love and practice of virtue, to fear and love God above all things, and to the exercise of charity and benevo-

lence ; and how, as they advanced in years, did her prayers for them become more earnest and frequent ! And while her daughter, full of life and youth, the spoiled child of fortune, to whom the very name of sorrow was as yet almost unknown, passed the gay hours of a Christmas festival in levity, amusements, and all the splendour that wealth could bestow, surrounded by flattery and folly, and the young and the gay,—did that poor mother, on her bended knees, invoke a blessing which at last was granted to her prayers ;—for three years before her death I had the happiness of being received into the Church !

Long was it, however, before my mother had reason to hope that God would hear her prayers on my behalf ; and once, in great depression of spirits, when she was seeking consolation and encouragement from a holy man, Father Strickland, S.J. (who on the death of her friend and director Father Talbot, succeeded him as Superior of the Jesuits in London, and also in her confidence), he bid her not despair ; but to remember St. Monica, who, weeping over the derelictions of her son St. Augustine, was told to be comforted, for that it was impossible that the child for whom she shed so many tears should perish ; and often after my conversion, with thankfulness she remembered these words ! After her return from Winchester, then, her heaviest trials ceased. The Abbé Martin recommended one of the priests known to himself, who could be settled at B——, not three miles from my father's house, as teacher of French ; he soon obtained much employment, and remained there till the Restoration, loved and respected.

My mother underwent a heavy affliction in the death of her aunt, Miss N——, whom she loved as a mother, and in whom she lost her chief aid in arranging her spiritual concerns. But the lady at whose house my mother had sometimes heard Mass in London was then on a visit to her ; and my father, eager to afford her consolation, and finding this lady's society most agreeable, proposed to her to prolong her stay. This, she said, she could not do after the Abbé Martin's departure, unless the French priest from B—— were allowed to come on Sundays and celebrate Mass. After a little hesitation, as he had not found that it had got abroad that Mass had been celebrated the whole winter, and daily, for ought he knew, in his house, he consented,—exactng, however, a solemn promise of secrecy, which the amiable and excellent Miss —— readily gave, and that it should be arranged as privately as it had hitherto been ; and my mother, after some months, prevailing on her friend to take up almost a permanent abode with her both in London and in the country, an



early, private, and generally daily Mass was thus arranged, which continued to the day when my dear mother was called to that reward which her many trials, her patience, resignation, and attachment to her faith had merited.

At this time, too, the crowds of French emigrants who sought refuge in England exciting much sympathy and commiseration, the then prime minister, Pitt, decided upon organising a permanent relief for those who were found worthy objects. My father, his near kinsman, and always his adviser, suggested that some one of their own body should be found capable of investigating and reporting the character of each individual, and who could undertake the distribution of the government relief. I do not know by what providential means my father became acquainted with the Comte de Leon, Bishop of St. Pol, a man of rank and noble family, long in the world before he entered holy orders, and with all the exquisite polish which at that time distinguished nobility in France, combined with extreme piety, humility, and goodness of heart, talents, knowledge of the world, capacity, activity, and habits of business, which singularly qualified him for an occupation which charity for his unhappy countrymen induced him to accept. Having much occasion to be in his society, my father soon appreciated his worth; and a mutual friendship soon sprang up, which ended only with the bishop's death, many years afterwards. He soon became intimate in the family circle; and when we went into the country, passed with us at S—— as many of the summer months as he could spare from his multifarious business; and the last year of his life was passed in instructing me in the Catholic faith.

With the increasing emigration, the number of my father's *émigré* guests increased; all of the distinguished clergy, as well as laity, were included. The little oratory and adjoining room were generally crowded; but as my father still persisted in insisting on my mother's not being seen at Mass, she knelt behind a screen in the oratory, while the others knelt at the door: all affected not to know what was behind the screen, while there was not one who did not know that my mother was there.

The French princes soon after settled in England. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards King Charles X., became my father's friend and often partook of the liberal hospitality of S——, with his ill-fated son the Duc de Berri. They, with their suite, and subsequently Louis XVIII. and his queen, with the Duc and the interesting Duchesse d'Angoulême, brought a host of Catholic society to the house. It then became necessary to have Mass publicly said in my father's house,—at S——, the cradle of a family noted for its anti-Catholic



feelings and prejudices! On such occasions, my father, not affecting to think that my mother could have any share in such arrangements, would take Miss M—— aside, and say, “You will arrange what is wanted for this service; you can have such a room—I will tell the servants to ask your directions.” And always the little folding-screen was seen in the corner of the room; and the royal guests would amuse themselves in asking my mother afterwards, of what use that screen could possibly be? Of late years, however, the secret could not be called such; it was known to all: and so that it was never mentioned in my father’s hearing, my mother gradually ventured to speak freely whenever she found herself amongst Catholics.

A magnificent acquisition had also been made to my father’s library of the rarest Irish mss. To give a translation of these, on which should be founded a history of Ireland, from the earliest times, my father endeavoured to find a person versed in that ancient and almost-forgotten character, and willing to undertake the work. The deeply-learned Dr. —— volunteered his services, and became domesticated in the family, as a constant recourse to the mss. was necessary: and though, after a time, his residence there was not important to his historical work, his amiable manners and general knowledge of books rendered him invaluable to my father. And thus another curious anomaly presented itself at S——; the companion of Lord B——’s literary pursuits, his almost constant associate, and known to be his friend, was an Irish Catholic priest, educated at the Propaganda in Rome! His residence was another source of comfort to my mother: it insured her daily Mass, and the daily happiness too of Holy Communion, which, by the advice of her director, Fr. Strickland, she had practised for several years before her death;—when, assisted by that long-tried and respected friend, receiving at his hands the holy sacrament of extreme unction, she yielded up her sainted spirit to that God whom she had served so long, so faithfully, and for whose sake she had endured so much.

When enduring the first shock of my mother’s death, I sent to ask Father Strickland to come to me, that I might hear from him some details of a scene which God had not permitted me the melancholy consolation of witnessing. The good old father concluded his account, by saying: “Your excellent mother was my penitent for years; to my knowledge, she endured the heaviest and most heartbreaking trials with the patience of a saint; but she has obtained her reward. Be consoled, my dear child; your mother arose from her bed of death as straight to heaven as if she had risen from the rack of martyrdom.”

## Reviews.

### OUR CAMP DISASTERS AND THEIR CAUSE.

*Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it.* By Mrs. Young.  
Bentley.

IF King Solomon were now alive in this country, and engaged in instructing the English people in the right way to beat the Czar, we apprehend that he would neither abuse Lord Raglan, nor sneer at the Duke of Newcastle, nor insinuate that Palmerston would do better than Sidney Herbert, nor attempt to reinstate Lord Derby in office. We are confidently of opinion, that in every possible way he would din into our dull ears a certain sentence from his own book of Proverbs; to wit, "Pride goeth before destruction; and the spirit is lifted up before a fall." We had almost said, that we marvelled that this saying of King Solomon's had not found its way generally into the speeches and compositions of the numerous personages who delight to teach their fellow-men what ought to be done at home and abroad on every point and by every body. For we have often observed, that when a speech-maker or letter-compounder is hard-up for a sentiment, an argument, an introduction, or a finale, he usually seizes some Bible text, and either flings it in somebody's face or applies it to himself. But recollecting that it is the distinguishing mark of Englishmen, as a body, that they *have* the Bible, but do not *read* it, or at best read only their "favourite passages," we ceased to wonder that so very obvious an explanation of the terrible disasters we have suffered during the war had not occurred to every body, from the Queen and Prince Albert down to the pew-openers in the humblest conventicle.

The fact is, nevertheless, that never has there been a more striking illustration afforded by history of the truth of Solomon's saying, than we have seen in the sufferings of our army and navy in Turkey and the Crimea. It is convenient for party-talkers and party-scribes to impute these miseries to this man and that man in power at home or abroad. Of course they do this; it is their vocation to do it. It is the function of Tories to abuse Whigs, and of Whigs to abuse Tories. While Mr. Disraeli is out of office, *of course* he thinks—*i.e.* he says—that it is these incompetent Peelites who have done all the mischief. But we know that this is just talk,—the ebullition of jealousy, spite, and vexation, or

else the conventional phraseology of partisanship. The real cause of our mismanagement lies far deeper. It is to be found in the nearly universal national prevalence of those two kindred, but most detestable vices, conceit and pride. People who busy themselves with searching out the origin of the incompetence we have exhibited, in contrast with the mastery over affairs displayed by the French, find every thing explained by the words officialism, red-tapism, indolence, and aristocratic connections. And truly comfortable and soothing to the spirits is it, to light upon so very unmortifying a solution of our mischances. These things are very venial infirmities. They are the consequences of the enjoyment of forty years' peace. They are the result of the time-hallowed steadfastness of the British constitution. They are the amiable weaknesses of a race that loves order, and law; and is cheerfully contented, as the Anglican Catechism has it, to "do its duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call it." Who can be very severe upon men who thus amiably err? "To err is human," is it not? Of course, therefore, as the Great Briton is the noblest specimen of humanity, he possesses all the privileges of humanity in their fullest extent,—*the right to err* among the rest. If he errs, he does it like a man,—a grand, noble, magnificent specimen of his kind; and the magnanimity with which he pleads guilty to these human peccadilloes is rather a feather in his cap than otherwise. And so he smites his breast, with a self-complacent smile upon his broad countenance; and while with his lips he says aloud, "Our allies beat us in every thing," in his secret heart he murmurs, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are,—superstitious, cowardly, or blood-thirsty; or even as this Frenchman!"

Undoubtedly, officialism, red-tapism, indolence, and sheer stupidity, have all been hard at work in promoting the starvation and death of thousands of soldiers; but they themselves acquire all their power for mischief from that overweening confidence in self which is so lamentably prevalent amongst us. In private life and civil affairs the pressing urgency of circumstances forces upon the British race that very practical organisation and careful forethought which we neglect in military affairs. We plan and carry out enormous enterprises, with a courage, a grandeur, and a perseverance of almost heroic dimensions, because in these things we have personally found out that pride, and conceit, and a trusting to the immaculate virtues of the English race *will not pay*. Every chief insists on every inferior doing his duty, or going to the right-about. But in the affairs of the army no one man feels



that interest which personal possession imparts to the management of one's own individual concerns. Each officer, from the commander-in-chief to the rawest ensign, has his fixed pay, and there is an end of it. That abominable pride which has practically confined all the highest posts in the army to the aristocracy, and has forbidden the private soldier from quitting the ranks, necessarily fosters the national vanity to the last degree. "How *can* an army, commanded by the aristocracy, and officered by the gentry, ever come to the dogs?" That is the secret thought which lulls the energies of our generals, colonels, and captains. "Why *should* we trouble ourselves with all these odious details, about studying, and examining, and practising, and gun-carriages, and hospitals, and doctors, and eating, and clothing, and transports? Are we not Englishmen, and is not that enough? When the trial comes, *of course* we shall 'go in and win.' We have unparalleled courage, and genius, and are gentlemen; and things will right themselves. Don't let us import the plodding cares of shopkeepers and railway-contractors, and the examinations and book-learning of Oxford parsons, into the army. We always did win, and we always shall; and that settles the whole question."

This is no over-statement of the implicit opinion of an immense majority of our fellow-countrymen, who have the guidance of our armies in their hands. They are convinced that there is a special Providence watching over the British soldier in the camp and in the field, which renders perfectly needless all sublunary forethought. In the most popular of old Dibdin's sea-songs, which had such a success during the last war, that the government actually gave their author a pension larger than that bestowed on Queen Victoria's dancing-master, occurs the following delightful burst of naval piety—a genuine "act of faith" on the part of the British tar:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Here we have the true reason why the shivering soldiers before Sebastopol have had unground and unroasted coffee served out to them, wherewith to solace themselves after eight or ten hours' digging in a pelting rain. "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," who takes care of all these minor matters. A special Providence is particularly engaged to roast and grind coffee, feed the horses, pick up the floating hay and wood from the waters of Balaklava bay, mend the men's shoes, teach them the use of fire-arms, make roads, transport the sick, give out hospital-stores at Scutari, pack up

goods in London and send them off regularly to the seat of war, and generally to undertake the execution of the innumerable orders issued by the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert in Downing Street.

When things go wrong, nothing is easier than to turn round upon these two unlucky ministers, and lay the blame on their shoulders. Of course they have made mistakes; no human being, the least conceited and the most able, could have helped it in such circumstances. But as to charges of any carelessness or want of devotion to their work, or of their inability to carry on the war, in comparison with any other statesmen who could take their places, we don't believe one word of them. We believe the country has got *as much out* of those two men as it would have got out of any possible persons who might have occupied their situations. The mischief lies in the wretched system on which the army—and the navy to an almost equal extent—is administered; and in that overweening conceit which leads people to think that a grand clap-trap like "England expects every man to do his duty," issued by general or admiral anybody just before going into action, will ensure to an English army or fleet a hard-bought but glorious victory. Ask any person what he considers is the true meaning popularly affixed to this celebrated Nelsonian signal, as applied to the general conduct of soldiers and sailors. Is it not this: "England expects every man to fight like a bulldog;" and nothing more? If we are but true *to ourselves*—what a revelation is comprised in that common saying!—if we are but true *to ourselves*, and fight like thorough-bred Britons, the laws of nature and the "sweet little cherub" will combine to do all the rest. Why, if an angel were war-minister in Downing Street, what could he do when his hands were hampered by such follies as these?

Of the physical and purely military evils which follow from this wretched system, every one has recently read abundantly in the newspapers of the day. But there is another aspect of the question, not so much insisted upon by newspaper correspondents, perhaps because it would be the most galling of all to the most "respectable" and "proper" of all the nations of the earth. We are persuaded, that if, even now, you were to ask a roomful of Englishmen and Englishwomen their opinion of the French and English armies, they would tell you, with one voice, that whatever the French were in the battle-field and simply as soldiers, *as men* they were marked with every vice, and were, in comparison with English troops, immoral to the last degree.

The experiences of Mrs. Young, whose book on *Our Camp*

in Turkey lies before us, will go far to dispel these flattering notions. She tells us, from her own observations, what may be made of soldiers when they are treated as men, and disciplined with that just regard to their *humanity*, without which we are convinced that soldier, sailor, and civilian must ever be more or less a degraded being.

Mrs. Young is the wife of an English officer, and was with the army at Gallipoli and Varna, where she had also the advantage of a large acquaintance among the officers of the French army. Her book was written before the attacks on our misdoings became prominent in the newspapers; so that she comes forward as an independent witness, who cannot help telling the truth, however unpopular it may be. We cannot give a better specimen of the opinions she formed of the relative characters of the French and English soldiery, as men, than by quoting her account of her passage from Malta to Gallipoli, in the French transport *Thabor*:

“The *Thabor* was crowded with French troops; but fortunately they *were* French, so that less annoyance was to be expected; and, moreover, I looked to have a very interesting opportunity of observing a good deal of their system of military discipline. It was possible to enjoy fresh air too, which would not have been the case on board an English transport; but here, on each side of the deck, was stretched a rope, behind which the men being ranged, room in the centre was secured for the accommodation of the passengers. On the left hand were grouped the ‘Administration,’ as they are called, composed of a certain number of men employed as attendants on the sick, with tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and artisans of all sorts. The attendants on the sick, as it may be supposed, are an eminently valuable class; they are carefully selected for the work, and regularly trained in their responsible and important duties. All these soldiers composing the ‘Administration’ appeared full of intelligence; during the day they employed themselves in reading, working, and writing,—one or two among them even drew with considerable skill and taste; while, in the evening, they formed into little circles, and amused themselves by singing. It is notable, however, with what decorum this matter was conducted; there was no uproar, riot, or impropriety of any kind. A sort of leader mounted a little way up the rigging of the vessel, to direct the proceedings; each circle followed in order, with their glees and choruses: the songs were usually selected from ‘Guillaume Tell’ and the ‘Sonnambula;’ occasionally we had a solo from Béranger, or glees in honour of Napoleon. It was observable in these last, that the enthusiasm expressed towards the great leader did not appear so much to arise from his exploits, as from his fraternisation with the French army, as every verse ended with the chorus: ‘He ate with his soldiers;’—‘Il mangeait avec ses soldats.’



One man, of extremely delicate appearance, was very popular from his talent for singing French romances, which he did with a charming voice and exquisite taste. The part of the matter the most remarkable, however, was the perfect propriety observed, the good taste shown in the selection of the music, the order in succession observed by the singers, and the courtesy and good feeling, which were never violated. This last characteristic was also very remarkable at Smyrna. The French soldiers all went on shore,—a certain tariff having been fixed for the boats employed,—and I looked with terror for their reappearance, expecting scenes of intoxication and punishment. I had no cause for alarm, however; my friends all returned sober, polite, and in the best possible humour with each other and their boatmen.

“Again, they are not treated as mere machines by their superiors. The French soldiers learn to feel that their health, their comfort, even their daily recreations, are subjects of interest to their officers; this fact originates a strong degree of personal attachment, and the men feel elevated by their knowledge of the existence of this sympathy. My voyage in the *Thabor* afforded me great opportunities for observing these facts, and the staff-officers on board were good enough to afford me many interesting proofs connected with such matters.

“The wives of French soldiers generally are never permitted to accompany their husbands on service, unless in case of the one or two *cantinières*, whose service to each regiment was likely to be useful. We had only one Frenchwoman among the troops on board the *Thabor*; and she was a middle-aged Norman, who, in a somewhat dirty cap, orange neckerchief, draggled chintz dress, and sabots, was any thing but an attractive object. Having seen no other woman, however, except our pleasant little Marseilles stewardess, and a *femme de chambre* on her way to Constantinople, I was somewhat startled, the morning we anchored off Smyrna, at the sudden apparition of a brilliant *cantinière*, who, in red trousers, short skirt, and tight jacket, came clanking her spurs down the companion-ladder at breakfast, and, strutting with a most self-possessed air into the saloon, touched her casquette to the colonel, and stated her intention of passing the day at Smyrna. Monsieur le Commandant smiled, bowed, addressed the individual as ‘Madame,’ and requested she would have the goodness to be on board again at four. On this she touched her cap a second time, wheeled round, and reascended the ‘companion’ in most military style. Truly dress is a great improver of persons; for this dashing *cantinière* was no other than the lady of the sabots, whose chance of creating an impression was entirely the result of this *grande tenue*.”

The sex of the writer of *Our Camp in Turkey* leads her to bring prominently forward another point, unhappily too much overlooked by male writers, even the most determined of abuse-hunters; namely, the condition of the women. The

abominations of barrack-life at home are bad enough. The "Rules and Regulations of the Service"—that ready-made justification of every wickedness—condemn almost all women who have to do with the English soldiery to an existence utterly inconsistent with the preservation of comfort and peace, much less of feminine delicacy and virtue. But when it comes to camp-life, every evil is intensified. Read the closing sentence of the following paragraph, and admit what an enormous amount of humbug there is in our national professions of morals and propriety:

"The culinary talents of the French soldiers astonished our people. The English soldier was half-starved upon his rations, because he could not, with three stones and a tin-pot, convert them into palatable food. The pork and beef were often cast aside for this reason, and the man ate only his bread, or he was compelled to pay a woman of the regiment to cook for him. The Frenchman, on the contrary, caught tortoises, and hunted for their eggs; gathered herbs of all kinds; made, in addition to the soup prepared with his ration-meat, ragoûts, and 'omelettes aux fines herbes;' and so dined well on dishes seasoned and delicate. The French and English women did not seem to associate at all. The wives of our soldiers wondered at the manly costume of the useful cantinières, who have their horse and tent, and are treated with equal courtesy by officers and men; and they, no doubt, were astonished by the want of gallantry in a people who bring women to the wars in a foreign land, suffer them to stand unsheltered to wash the clothes of the men in a burning sun with a thermometer at 110° Fahrenheit, leave them unprovided with carriage when the regiment moves, and oblige each woman to sleep with nine other persons of both sexes in a circular tent some twelve feet in diameter."

Some of our military abuses do not necessarily spring from the prevailing Protestantism of the country; but some undoubtedly do so. Among others, the stupid insensibility to the importance of amusements as an aid to morals, is one of the most efficaciously pernicious. We admit that here and there in sensible Protestant quarters a slight amelioration is at least talked of in this respect; but as long as England believes in the meritoriousness of looking glum, and the curse of Sabbatarianism broods over the country, we expect but small measure of real change for the better. Mrs. Young was forcibly struck with the systematic use of *employment* and *recreation* in the French camp, as means of preserving discipline, while our own men were left to sulk in dismal idleness. In Prince Napoleon's camp she saw not an idle man; those not hard at work were hard at play; and the only man she saw taking it easily was a great red-whiskered Zouave playing



with a little bird, and *teaching it to nestle in his bosom*. And as an instance of the sort of *spirit* the officers contrive to infuse into the men, she mentions, that leave was one day given to a Zouave to walk all the way from the camp to the coast by himself, because he particularly wished to see the fleet, thinking the army would not return to France. In order to indulge this piece of what *our* people would have called sentimentalism, his superiors actually gave him three days leave of absence, and applauded him for his zeal in undertaking a laborious journey with just enough to eat to keep him going. We can, however, find room for no further quotations, except the account of the camp-theatricals, which is too curious to be overlooked:

“This practice of, under every circumstance, looking for and cultivating external amusement is peculiarly French. In our camps nothing of the kind was ever heard of. The band occasionally played, but very seldom and very badly; and as to parties of our soldiers being told off to exhibit their vocal talents and taste for the recreation of their officers, that happily was never attempted. General Canrobert, before he left Scutari, had found it so dull without a ball-room, or *fête champêtre* of any kind, that not approving of the tranquil quietude of the ladies at the ‘Sweet Waters,’ he declared that on arriving at Varna he would originate a ‘Jardin des Fleurs,’ and make all the Greek ladies ‘dance and be happy.’ The good general, however, seemed to see the difficulty of the attempt, and did not risk the humiliation of a failure. Not but that the Greek ladies, and the Turkish too, when they had once shuffled off prejudice and yellow-boots, would have enjoyed a *deux-temps* of all things, and not been averse even to a polka.

“However, there was absolutely a theatre got up in Prince Napoleon’s camp,—a very droll and amusing affair indeed. The men had erected it of the old material,—walnut, not wood, but leaves,—and had all sorts of devices for scenery and decoration. *We* always said, ‘What’s the use? we shall move directly,’ when any thing was proposed, even so simple a matter as stabling the horses; but the French set about every plan they could devise at once, and carried it into execution. Thus there was a theatre, decorated with arms, and all the turban-cloths and waist-scarves that the Algerines, glad enough to form part of the audience, would contribute; and the Zouaves acted, and droll enough they were. They composed their dramas too, as well as acted them; and they were usually rude satires upon existing circumstances, full of coarse humour and rough mirth. The officers encouraged these performances by their presence; and the men, sure of their efforts pleasing their superiors, exhibited freely all the accomplishments they had,—singing, dancing, or practising tricks of jugglery, *tours de force*, and so on, they had learned among the *athletæ* and gipsy tribes of Algeria. A good deal of the Arab character was apparent in all this, blended with the French.



Their style of theatricals reminded me very much of the *impromptu* plays—the acting charades, as it were, I had seen the Arab boatmen introduce and enjoy so heartily in old times upon the Nile;—telling histories of the Conscription in a drama, mixed with all sorts of rude jesting, and clever though broad caricature.

“The Czar of course was very prominent as a hero on ‘the boards’ of the ‘Prince’s Theatre.’ In one drama, that met with immense applause, and was announced for frequent repetition, a windmill was introduced, constructed with much cleverness with bayonets and turban-cloths, a few brushes, and so on. A sack was brought in, by a man supposed to be a Russian, who emptied it into the windmill, and then screamed out that he wanted the contents back, as they consisted of the Czar! But the Zouaves told him to wait; and then grinding away a quantity of dust, the remains of the Autocrat, reduced by French power, was shaken out to the Russian, who anon capered about, and danced a round with the Zouaves, to show his sense of the value of emancipation from the yoke of a tyrant.

“Childish as all this may seem, the French commanders know its value. The minds of the men are amused by it; the occupation caused by the necessary preparations employs time that might be given to evil habits; and it improves good feeling between officers and their men. There is a kind of originality and cleverness, too, often displayed by the soldiers, that, in lack of better things, tends to amuse the officers themselves; and I have often thought how much more cheerful the French camp was, with its glees and theatre, than ours, where two or three officers sat, almost in the dark, in their tents, writing letters, or unemployed, except by a cigar; and the men were lying idly about, or crouching round the green-wood smoke of our kitchens, grumbling at the delay in our military operations, canvassing the acts of their immediate superiors, or finding fault generally with all about them. These recreations and indulgences form a material part of the absolute discipline of the French army, and the men certainly seldom appear to abuse it. They have commonly much intelligence, and seek to gain information on what surrounds them.”

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## GLEANINGS FROM THE "BROAD CHURCH."

1. *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.* By F. D. Maurice. Cambridge, M'Millan.
2. *The Unity of the New Testament.* By the same. London, J. W. Parker.
3. *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney, with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.* By J. B. Braithwaite. 2 vols. Norwich, Fletcher and Alexander.
4. *Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition.* By E. P. Hood. London, Arthur Hall.

LET no man think he knows Protestantism because he knew it five or ten years ago. His ideas are sure to be as old-fashioned as the coat of a man who has just returned from a twenty years' sojourn in the Cannibal Islands. You might as well attempt to get up modern chemistry or geology from the pages of an Encyclopædia of the last century, as to make yourself acquainted with modern Protestantism from books published before 1840. As in astronomy, the periodical addition to the numerous family of planets, the eccentric vagaries of comets, and the ambiguous conduct of the nebulæ, necessitate at least a monthly "cram," if you wish to keep up your knowledge of the present state of the science,—so is it with Protestantism. Its rapid variations dazzled even the eagle eyes of Bossuet, two hundred years ago. But it has learned by experience, and can change much more rapidly now; the most celebrated clowns, contortionists, or wizards, are not fit to hold a candle to it. When you try to examine the theology of the "common Christianity" of Englishmen, new "views" appear on the horizon, rush by, and disappear in the distance with the speed of a prospect from the windows of an express-train. No eye can take in all the shifting parts. Turn your aching head aside for a few moments, and you have lost the connection of events; things have gone a-head without you, and you will hardly recover your hold upon them. And no great loss either, provided you do not pretend to know that which has already got beyond your knowledge.

The moral is, that we Catholic controversialists do not sufficiently regard this truth; we rest too much on the arguments we learned when we were students, not reflecting that our enemy has changed his place, and that the blows we deal merely divide the air. A gaping Protestant auditory will listen to us without knowing where in the world we are driving, and without being able to divine the meaning of the extremely

triumphant expression of a certain part of the audience, which is always delighted when it supposes any body is being knocked down, or otherwise punished. No, if controversialists wish to speak to the purpose, they must be *au fait*, up to their work. A refutation of Jeremy Taylor will not silence the Puseyite, nor will Mr. Maurice give in because you plant a good blow in the left eye of Luther. If you wish to refute the moderns, you must first know what they say.

At present, perhaps, the most rising school of Protestant divinity in England is that represented by Maurice and Kingsley. Those who do not yet deny the existence of hell, are yet taken with the style of their sensuous and sentimental philosophy, which, like a comedy, always ends in marriage. Laugh not, gentle reader, it is a literal fact; read any modern system, Maurice, Kingsley, Gurney, F. W. Newman, Hood's Swedenborgianism, A. St. John's *Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross*, and you will find that all religion and life has its centre and starting-point in the union and love of the two sexes. Marriage, that is, marriage of affection, not of convenience or of honour, inspires all their most eloquent pages, teaches them their newest lessons, and points their most brilliant sarcasms against that Church which "sins against nature" in enforcing the celibacy of the clergy. In this point we doubt not all sects of Protestants can unite, from Socialists and Mormons to the last dapper and dandy curate from Oxford.

But we are not going to give a sketch ever so slight of the rising systems; we only pretend to offer a few "gleanings" from some of the latest Protestant books that have come in our way. And first for Mr. Maurice.

Is it that, like Dr. Cumming, this gentleman is making hay while the sun shines, publishing books as fast as he can, simply because the public buys them, or does he think he really has something to say worth saying? We give him credit for the latter alternative: he evidently has a vocation. His lectures on Ecclesiastical History have a purpose. As Origen and the Alexandrian school harmonised Christianity and Neo-platonism, as St. Thomas united it with Aristotle's philosophy, so Mr. F. D. Maurice celebrates its newly-invented compatibility with the infidel thought and feeling of the day. Whatever is, is right; the present feeling is in favour of nationalities, philanthropy, and abolition of creeds. So Mr. Maurice undertakes to give a new reading of ecclesiastical history, and to prove that St. Paul was the great assertor of the sacredness of nationalities; that churches necessarily receive their character from the countries where they are established; that man is the great and noble moulder of religion; that all religions, so far



as they differ, are wrong ; that St. Paul was a preacher of God, not the propagator of a religion ; that religions are distinguished by opinions, but worship is directed to truth ; that to make opinions the bond of union is to destroy the Gospel and the Church. To suppose that false schools were put down by the force of decrees, or of some formula recognised as authoritative in the Church, is to trifle with history. When Clemens appealed to the apostolic as opposed to a later tradition, he was able not only to talk about it, but to produce it. He trusted in the thing itself, not in the persons from whom it came (Mr. Maurice seems to mean, that he carried in his breast the living witness of the Spirit). Traditions about Christ might be very interesting and valuable ; but Christ Himself was needed to bind men together, and take place of the opinions which had separated them. Heretics could make schools, they could not build up men as members of a family. Opinions were their foundations. The opinions of this man about God, or humanity, or the universe, produced the opposing opinions of that man. There was an endless whirl and interchange of notions ; but no rest and no progress. The early policy of the Church of Rome was to crush disputes and heresies, for the sake of peace and government. That of the African Church was to do so by setting up a certain opinion, which should be maintained as the right opinion on the ground of tradition or of prescription. The real peril was, that these two maxims should ever become united ; that the ruler and the politician should become the dogmatist (*i. e.* the Pope) ; then to heal the distracted Church would be impossible, till it confesses that it has its ground in One who is not the stifler of thoughts, but the quickener and inspirer of them ; Who is not the conservator of opinions, but Who came into the world to bear witness to the truth : for Whom, and not for his opinion, every martyr has died.

Are we right in understanding Mr. Maurice to mean, that it is possible to possess Christ, to acknowledge Him in our heart, and yet to have no opinion at all about Him, or to think that all opinions about Him are indifferent ? We never saw Quakerism (from which Mr. Maurice pretends to be a convert) so nakedly carried out : all forms, it appears, are useless, even the intellectual form, or opinion. Some deeper expression is to be found for the communications of religion ; its thoughts are too deep, not only for words, but even for thought itself ; we must be content with religious feelings, and let the mind do what it likes. We may be Christians in heart, even though in opinion we be Spinozists, Epicureans, Mahometans, Hindoos, or Devil-worshippers.

Well, if this is Mr. Maurice's opinion, we certainly think that it will produce counter-opinions, and will in nowise tend to allay the war of opinion. Men will continue to think Mr. Maurice a great heretic, however perseveringly he may argue that we have no business to think at all about it. If he speaks (which he does very copiously), it may in charity be assumed that he thinks. What he does himself, he clearly has no right to forbid others from doing also.

Another book, lately published by the same gentleman, is called the *Unity of the New Testament*. In reading this, we were forcibly struck with the thought, that as Protestants sink lower into the depths of their subjective (or private) speculations, which are infidel from the very nature of the case, because the authority which propounds them (self) is not an adequate foundation for faith, they do more and more justice to the flimsy pretences on which their predecessors first seceded from the Church. Not that moderns are at all nearer the truth than the first separatists; but that, in the progress of error, they have given up the doctrines which to their fathers seemed so self-evident, though they are as fanatical as ever for the fundamental principle, the absolute right of private judgment. As men of sense have long ago done justice to Luther's theory of original sin, which asserts that then man had a new faculty added to his nature, an organ of sin, which must act, and whose every act was sin; so now they are doing justice to the Anglican theory of image-worship, the theory which, in the minds of the homily-writers, made the cross and crucifix the symbols of as damnable an idolatry as the phallus, the lingam, or the fetish.

Mr. Maurice is a case in point. Of the principles of Christianity he has certainly relinquished as untenable more than the Anglican reformers would have consented to give up. He has descended to a lower depth than they; for he has approached nearer to a philosophical heathenism, to pantheism, or to the apotheosis of humanity. In his new speculations he is as much opposed to the truth as they were; but also he is in many points as much opposed to them as he is to the truth. Error has cast her skin, and appears in a new form; her followers now scoff at her old dogmas, though they persist in believing her new ones, because they created them.

The following are Mr. Maurice's remarks on St. Paul's preaching of "Christ crucified." "This preaching of the Cross . . . . is neither the Romanist nor the Protestant preaching, as they stand out in opposition to each other. It does not appeal to the senses, or to the intellect primarily; it goes to a region deeper than both. But it does justice both to



the Romanist and the Protestant method; it explains their relation to each other, and why each by itself is unsatisfactory. *The sensible image corresponds to the spiritual reality. Christ Himself must be as actually an object to the spiritual organ, as the crucifix is to the outward eye. The forms of sense are therefore the best,—nay, if we follow Scripture, the only forms which can express spiritual truths; all attempts to translate them into intellectual propositions weaken their force.*"

As a Protestant, Mr. Maurice of course assumes that the Catholic preacher appeals *only* to the sense; uses the crucifix "as a charm or mesmeric influence upon the outward man," without "preaching Christ as the power which is attracting him and all creatures to itself." We do not care what Mr. Maurice says against our system, for he knows nothing about it; but when he condemns and controverts the Protestant system, which he knows, we accept his testimony as valid; and are glad to add him to the list of involuntary apologists for the Catholic Church.

Bad as Mr. Maurice's theology is in some respects, it gives us a degree of pleasure. It shows a breaking-up of the offensive old Protestant dogmatism,—that self-sufficient John-Bullism, which was as arrogant on the strength of its private sense, as any Catholic could be on the ground of his Church. It shows that men's minds are loose from their old anchorage, and are seeking some new one; and are not unwilling to engage in modes of search for it, which certainly require some trouble. Surely we may hope, that when such a number of vessels are adrift, some will find their way into the safe roadstead.

Passing now from the Quaker in spirit to the Quaker by profession, we light upon *Memoirs of J. J. Gurney, with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence*, by J. B. Braithwaite. We are glad rather to light on this book than that it should light on us: any thing more ponderous we never handled. Mr. Braithwaite is unmerciful on his readers in not compressing what he has to say into half the space; but he is so carried away with his enthusiasm for his subject, that he finds it "difficult to believe" that people can be interested in a novel, and not be touched by "the simple and truthful records of a life" like that of Mr. Gurney. He does not know that the interest of these volumes, such as they have, is altogether like that of a novel or history, imaginary or real. People may possibly want to know the interior history of the anti-slavery, the anti-capital punishment, and the prison-discipline movements, in all of which Mr. Gurney was mixed up. Most men have also a reprehensible curiosity about other people's family history; but with regard to the self-anatomy in these journals and



letters, even Mr. Braithwaite himself ought to doubt their interest; for, as he very truly observes, "the continued repetition of similar sentiments, however excellent, tends to weaken their force upon the mind." We think so; we think that if a young man of high spirits had these oddly-phrased experiences put before him as a model for his conduct, the result of the study would be a hasty enunciation of a bad word beginning with d——, rather than the adoption of *thou* and *thee*, with obligatory accompaniment of broad-brimmed hat and snuff-coloured coat without lappets. As, therefore, we don't think it advisable to weaken the force of excellent sentiments, we would advise persons not to read them as set forth in these memoirs. There is, however, a kind of psychological interest attaching to the book, as the latest specimen of Protestant hagiology. That Mr. Gurney was a most excellent and charitable man, no one can doubt; moreover, he was brother to Elizabeth Fry; and besides, was distinguished by a considerable hatred to Calvinism. Still, we find an egotistical self-importance (not to mention a touch of very canny consideration for his own interests) abundantly scattered through these pages, and quite opposed to our ideas of saintship. We cannot imagine saints writing letters and autobiographies in which "I" is almost the only pronoun that occurs, and almost the only *exemplar* of things to be done and avoided. A saint of this kind sets too much store by his own very small deeds and speculations. Moreover, to judge by Mr. Gurney's own confessions, he is generally almost too good. In general terms he admits he is a sinner ("but then so are you, sir"); but still, somehow he is not like other men; and he "thanks God" for it. "My nightly catechisms (*i. e.* examinations), with one or two small exceptions, have been satisfactorily answered. I have been uniformly diligent, and I humbly trust, generally speaking, under the wing of the Lord" . . . He shows a creative genius in making his religion out of the *materia prima* of Christianity in general, and the *form* of his own choice. "My wish is, 1. To stand fast, on fundamentals, in general Christianity. 2. To conform to friends whenever it may be my duty." And this substantial form is generally such a queer one! The first manifestation in Mr. Gurney took the shape of a scruple about his hat. "Three weeks was my young mind in agitation, from the apprehension, of which I could not dispossess myself, that I must enter the drawing-room with my hat on." Accordingly, "in a Friend's attire, and with my hat on, I entered the drawing-room at the dreaded moment, shook hands with the mistress of the house, went back to the hall, and deposited my hat." He did the same afterwards elsewhere; and the result very naturally was, that

"to dinner-parties, except in the family-circle, I was asked no more." And yet this stickler for hats found it in his heart to give up sacraments as useless! The absolute condemner of all forms sinks by the just judgment of God into the most ridiculous of all formalists!

The distinguishing tenet of Quakerism seems to be, that the Holy Spirit guides us in all our actions, and that by a peculiar feeling of pleasure we may be conscious of this guidance. Pain and difficulties are not God's work in us; accordingly, when the soul overflows with pleasure, we may know that God is there. As a very significant comment on this notion, we may remark that Mr. Gurney commenced operations as a "minister of the Gospel" at the very time when he "popped the question" to the future Mrs. Gurney; and that his first "motions" to preach and pray came to him in the meeting-houses where she was sitting with him. We have noticed in sundry young curates in the Establishment this singular confusion between "spoon" and piety. We know not whether their religion is more "pious spooning" or "spoony piety."

From one kind of mystic to another is no such very great jump; we therefore easily proceed to *Swedenborg, a Biography and an Exposition*, by E. P. Hood; a gentleman who seems to have a mind that can assimilate contradictions with great facility. But, after all, he is a representative of a large class of "thinkers;" so called because they do not think.

Philosophy a few years ago was eclectic, now it is universal. Eclecticism is guided by something like taste; it is little Jack Horner in his corner, who with his thumb extracts the plum, and leaves the lumps of suet. But universalism has no taste in particular; it is as formless as the *materia prima*, greedy for any and every form. It is never satisfied, but only wearied—*lassata, necdum satiata*; it is the true intellectual pig, that puts its foot into the trough, not to pick out one dainty before another, but for the convenience of burying its snout in the mass of comestibles, to swallow them all as they occur. Mr. Hood is, in a Pickwickian sense, this pig; all is fish that comes to his net; he is more hungry than nice; he has no sense of taste to distinguish qualities; he takes in with equal zest "Thomas à Kempis and Bunyan, the hymns of St. Ambrose and the melodies of Watts or Toplady, the labours of Francis Xavier or John Williams." The "total whole" of his world is a congeries in which even things that are not have their places; there we find "the rhododendrons of the Alps" opposed to "the cactus of the Himalayas," "beautiful corpses of dead religions," "objective dreams," "souls rising like an



awful starless concave, or like a dread whispering-gallery," and similar plumed contests of helmeted words, differing however from those of Æschylus in that the helmets have no brains in them. But it is all one to Mr. Hood; whatever is (or is not) is good; no religion was ever wrong: "was it not the development of the mind of the age? . . . was it not an outbirth of the mind of man?" When a man who calls himself a minister of Christianity holds that all human inventions in religion are true, he must want either sense or honesty. We incline to the former alternative in this case. Our biographer has ears like Midas, and they have been his ruin; he can catch the tune of Carlyle's language, and can imitate the turn of the sentences of our fashionable philosophies pretty well. For his theories, let not his readers think to extract any thing consistent from the hodge-podge; they are rhyme without reason; they are sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; they vary with each new phase of phraseology.

We are sure that such a man cannot have given an accurate exposition of Swedenborgianism. He cannot understand it sufficiently well to be able to give a good analysis of it. Swedenborg was certainly a great man; a profound philosopher, if not an orthodox divine; and he deserves a study as much as any other great heathen or heretical founder of a system. But let not our readers imagine that they will be able to study Swedenborg in the pages of Mr. Hood. He is one of those "solemnly powerless natures" who are both infidels and credulous; who reject the Church, and believe any other supernaturalism, from table-turning and spirit-rapping to Swedenborgianism.

Mr. Hood's liberalism and universalism goes so far, that he will not even allow F. W. Newman to be an infidel. His "Church" has such a wide mantle, that it includes even that "Christian." We are happy to say, however, that the vestment is too narrow to admit us; for it is, after all, but a strait-waistcoat. Catholicity is about the only food that the stomach of our *porcus Midas* loathes and rejects. His chief reason seems to be, that we imagine the Scriptures to be too difficult to be the horn-book of Christian doctrine for the ordinary believer. He is very indignant with Cardinal Wiseman for having said so. "His Eminence, who exists in England by sufferance, after having rudely violated and insulted the laws of the land, dips his pen in ink to dash-off a series of rapid and intolerant impertinences against that very Protestantism which permits his office and allows his ministrations,"—and so forth, in rapidly exacerbating fits of mania; and all because the Cardinal suggests that the Bible is rather too difficult a



book for the usual run of Englishmen. But when Swedenborg teaches the same thing, then Mr. Hood has nothing to say; that which at p. 47, in the mouth of the Cardinal, was a cross between burglary and blasphemy, is thus put by himself at p. 369: "What is the greater part of the sacred writings to most minds, but a tone—a sound without meaning or sense?"

The spread of Swedenborgianism is a sign of the times. On the one hand, it is much more intellectual than the popular Protestantism; and on the other, it requires a belief in the supernatural, such as Englishmen ridicule amazingly in Catholics. Both of these characteristics are grounds for hope. What we want is not the cry of private judgment, but the thing: the real honest spirit of inquiry, not the mere pretence of it. Perhaps when people consult Swedenborg, they will soon come to consult St. Alphonsus Liguori, Cardinal Wiseman, and Dr. Newman.

After all, perhaps we are too sanguine. We had hoped that even policy and a consideration for their own interests would have made English Protestants a little more polite towards the religion of their allies, and of the third part of their own army. But no: not an opportunity is wasted of insulting us. People who never believed in original sin at all, are insane in their denunciations of us for believing that the Blessed Virgin was never tainted with it; the scurrilous and impudent journalists grow suddenly, and for the first time, believers in the fall of Adam, in order to spite Pius IX. But this was always the way of Protestants; they never sought to oppose us with the truth, but only with arguments; their truth has always varied according to the supposed vulnerability of our bodies. The most respectable writers do not consider themselves degraded by inventing the foulest and most malicious slanders, provided that it is only the Catholic Church which is attacked. We reviewed in our last Number a valuable work of the Rev. J. L. Petit, *on the remains of Catholic art in France*, in which he recommends Anglican architects to give up Gothic, and adopt a new style compiled by himself. He is, of course, quite welcome to recommend any such proceeding; but he should be more careful to give the real reason for it; he should not pretend that he wishes to relinquish Gothic because it is a style adapted to a state of Christian feeling which seeks absolution for murder before it is committed, and the like. For our parts, we cannot divine why such a very useless search should be more effectual in a Gothic cathedral than in a modified Byzantine-domed building. If Mr. Petit does not think Gothic churches adapted to the Anglican service, let him say so like a man; but do not let him humbug

himself or his readers by pretending that this unfitness is the result of his "Church" having got rid of abuses which never existed. The fact is this: there are only two religions in the world without a sacrifice, Protestantism and Mahometanism;—these are consequently contented with preaching-houses. All other religions have a sacrifice, and make their buildings subservient to its ceremonial; Mr. Petit's modified Byzantine-domed building is but a euphemism for a mosque. That is the predestined end of Protestant temple-building: no doubt the Anglican bishopric of Jerusalem, and the professed alliance with Turkey, are two steps in this direction.

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#### HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

THE most superficial reader of Scottish history, and the most anxious to impugn the character of the Church, finds it impossible to deny, that for upwards of a thousand years she had been identified with the national tradition, institutions, policy, and glory of the Scottish people. For ten centuries she had been the national benefactress. She tilled the land, which but for her had been a waste, and returned with interest the benefactions of devotion, by causing to bring forth fruit abundantly lands which their donors knew only to lay waste; she protected the weak, fed the poor, restrained the excesses of the nobles, and humanised their barbarous strength; she built bridges, and founded seats of learning, which remain (alas, in a most degraded condition!) to this day; she guided by her wisdom the councils of the Scottish monarchs, set an example of peace and love where all else was bloodshed and revenge, maintained the independence of the country, and, so far as in her lay, vindicated her violated laws;—but for her, Scotland had been a feudal waste, or a foreign tributary, or both; there had been no sanctuary for the miserable, no refuge for the penitent or the peaceful, no schools for the studious, no asylum for the oppressed: to assume a feud had been the only security for life or property, and the only law had been administered at the



sword's point. The abrupt extirpation from the country of such an institution is a phenomenon the import of which has not, we think, been sufficiently considered.

It is no explosion of a theory before the march of enlightenment, because the greatest intellects and the most virtuous men in the most civilised quarter of the globe live in its light and die in its faith at the present day. It is no sudden revolt of a population indignant at injustice, and goaded by oppression; for, as we propose presently to show, it was effected by a dominant oligarchy, against the wishes of both the sovereign and her people. Still less does it resemble the gradual disappearance of Pagan mythologies before the silent triumphs of the Church; for *her* apostles were martyred fishermen, not mailed barons; and far from violence being done to the consciences of the masses, they had become enamoured of a religion which was at fault in none of the relations of life, and which taught them by the resistless logic of heroic virtue. But the most remarkable characteristic of that sorrowful revolution, and the one which deprives it of all historical precedent, is, that although the Church was driven out of Scotland, and a religion invented by an apostate priest of infamous manners established in its stead by a series of the darkest deeds which history has had to record, nine generations or thereabouts of educated and reasonable beings have clung to the new sect with a tenacity equal to the animosity which to this day inflames them against the Catholic Church; and yet that sect has nothing in its tenets to propitiate the intellect, still less to attract or charm the soul. Fully as mystical as the Church's creed, without, however, its logical cohesiveness, they constitute a mere jargon of incomprehensible contradictions. Making no claim to the supernatural aids which the Church offers to the test of experiment, the Scottish sect is wholly deprived of her consolations; and as it proposes for human conduct a standard of morality higher than is attainable by human beings without supernatural aid, it degenerates of necessity into a gross and gloomy superstition, which is none the less bigoted because of its hypocrisy, and which, but for the thirty pieces of silver, would perish on the spot.

The two religions which took the place of the Church in England and Scotland are in themselves apt illustrations of the state of society at the time of their appearance in the respective countries, and of the circumstances under which they took their rise. In England, the oligarchical power of feudalism had become absorbed in a monarchy all but unlimited. There was no rival claimant to the throne to impair the power of the reigning king, who was a man of more than



royal attainments, and whose indomitable will brooked no restraint, whether from without or from within. The stern morality of the Church happened to stand in the way of the guilty gratification of this man's passions: he repudiated her with the same facility with which he forsook wife after wife; and from having been her distinguished defender, he resolved on dismissing her from his dominions. By seizing on the vast treasures which she held as the stewardess of the poor, and enriching with them his nobility, he secured their neutrality even where he could not command their co-operation. The new English ecclesiastical establishment owed its entire parentage to this monarch. And as he chanced to be a scholar, a man of considerable parts, and, moreover, vain of his theological proficiency, it is easy to see how it might be made to retain so much of what is Catholic both in its doctrine and discipline. Subsequent events obliterated a great deal of this; but neither the political exigencies of the infamous Elizabeth, nor the obscene excesses of the Puritan brawls, were able to erase so entirely all traces and lineaments of Catholicity, as was effected in the sister-country at the very first.

At the period when the conspiracy against the Church of Scotland commenced, the feudal system was still predominant. The love and honour, however, which so gracefully tempered the patriarchal despotism of the feudal oligarchs elsewhere, was in great measure wanting. The Crown was almost at the mercy of a set of needy and illiterate barons, who respected little else than brute force; to whom the name of "traitor" had ceased to be a reproach, and who were always ready for any deed for which a sufficient bribe was offered. What little authority the Crown did possess was due chiefly to the intestine feuds of the barons, and to the counsels of the Church. In such a condition of a kingdom, a vigorous and just prince was sure, as indeed happened, to have the shortest and the most troubled reign. These were the men who seized upon the Church's possessions, and established a new religion in its place. A change worked by such agents was likely to be violent and heady: a system of religion owning such an origin was likely to be characterised by vulgarity and folly.

The incorporation of the Scottish with the English Crown had been an object of national policy with the latter nation almost throughout its authentic history. So early, at all events, as the reign of Alexander II., a distinct claim had been advanced by the English monarch to the homage of his Scottish cousin. The treachery of some of the Scotch barons was never wanting in support of this baseless pretence. The

patriotism of the Stuart dynasty, with (we believe) one single exception, the national spirit, and the French alliance, had hindered it from meeting with any considerable or lasting success. But no obstacle to its realisation can be compared in importance to the wise, steady, and patriotic opposition of the Church, which, ever ranged on the national side, opposed itself as an equally efficient barrier against the force of arms or the craft of policy. Of all the line of English kings, no one ever pursued this object with such inflexible determination, or with such various and overwhelming resources, as Henry VIII. The marriage of his sister with James IV. opened a ready door for the flagitious policy he pursued with a view to this end. But when that chivalrous monarch fell, covered with wounds and glory, in the prime of life, on the field of Flodden, a long minority, and the regency of Margaret, seemed to invite the ambition of England to take immediate possession of its victim. The profligate character of that princess,—in which respect she very closely resembled her royal brother,—prevented the death of James from being so fatal to the independence of his kingdom as it might otherwise have been: as it was, however, only the Church preserved it.

The Earl of Angus was the head of a family whose power was second only to that of his sovereign, and at times even superior to it. The marriage of the young widow of James to this powerful baron appeared at first to throw a weight altogether decisive into the scale of the English party;—for it was about this time that the adherents of England began to assume the importance and organisation of a political faction in the state. But Angus was “childish young,” as Lord Dacre describes him; and the same disregard of principle which permitted him to accept the bribes of Henry and betray his country, when his own interests suggested such a course, led him to forsake that alliance, and embrace the national party, whenever those interests seemed to invite another way. Moreover, terms of amity were not long maintained between himself and his wife, the regent;—a circumstance which went far towards neutralising the power of both. Whenever one was in the arms of England, the national party was sure to enjoy the favours of the other. A divorce put an end to these differences; and Margaret, marrying a son of Lord Evandale, descended to a private station, and forfeited the greater part of her influence in the state. The power of the Douglasses increased as that of the regent waned; to it even that of the national party was compelled for awhile to succumb. Its only powerful and steady supporter, the Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, uncle of Cardinal Beaton, was completely stripped of his power



by that unscrupulous faction. To escape their violence, he was even reduced to the necessity of adopting the disguise of a shepherd. At length Angus, the possessor of the young king's person, having put every place of dignity and power in the state into the hands of his own partisans, was for a space the *de facto* reigning monarch of Scotland. And, supported by England, who now seemed to be not far from realising her long-cherished designs, his aggrandisement appeared to be tolerably secure. He enjoyed it just long enough to provoke one feeling of indignation throughout the entire country at his inordinate selfishness and the enormity of his crimes. The archbishop, with consummate prudence, bent before the storm. When the first crisis of violence was expended, gradually re-appearing without noise or effort, acting on the Scotch cupidity of Angus, he recovered a position, from which he at length succeeded, to the unspeakable delight of the country, in effecting the liberation of the youthful king, and overthrowing the insolent and detested power of the Douglasses.

In many respects the reign of James V. very closely resembled that of his father. We observe a similar energy of character; a similar vigour in the administration of affairs; an equal devotion to the interests of his people, who gave him in return the appellation of "The King of the Commons;" a patriotism equally chivalrous, and an addiction to pleasure perhaps not altogether so keen. It was, however, both in its progress and in its end, far more calamitous. James IV., too, had disgusted the great body of his nobles by his vigorous vindication of the people's rights against their lawless tyranny. But his great popularity, the wise and patriotic advice of the ecclesiastics, who were his chief counsellors, his own talents and extraordinary energy of character, together with his chivalrous courage, gave him a strength which was more than a match for them. Many of them retired in gloomy discontent to their castles. During the interval, however, between that gallant monarch's death and the assumption of the government by his no less gallant son, the English king had so completely demoralised the whole body of the Scottish nobility by his bribes and intrigues, that a powerful English party was constituted, which scarcely retained the decency of a disguise, but openly furthered the ambitious designs of England, whenever discontent against their sovereign or the success of some rival baron offered an inducement to their treachery. The Earl of Bothwell is imprisoned for half a year: forthwith he negotiates with Henry, in his own words, "*to crown your grace in the toune of Edinburg within brief time.*" Angus had bound himself "*to mak unto us*" (thus writes the English king) "*the*



*othe of allegiawnce, and recognise us as supreme lorde of Scotland, and as his prince and soveraigne."* The Earl of Argyle is deprived of his lordship of the isles: immediately he is at the service of Henry. The Earl of Crawford acts in precisely the same manner. Even James's ambassador at London, Sir Adam Otterburn, was a paid agent of England. Sir George Douglas, Angus's brother, writes, "*Yff it pleases God that I continewe with lyff and helthe, I sall do my soverand lord and maister gud servyce be the helpe of God; and yff I dee, I sall depart his trewe serrand."*

All the treasures, however, at Henry's disposal, would not have gone far towards satisfying the insatiable cupidity of the traitor-barons of Scotland. But he had within the last few years lit upon a resource out of which he had been able to purchase the assent, either tacit or active, to his wholesale spoliation of the poor and the abjuration of the national religion. Availing himself of the example of his own success in this shameless expedient, he was able to whet the cupidity of the Scotch barons by inviting them to possess themselves of similar sources of enrichment. He made his first attempt upon his nephew. Sir Ralph Sadleir, one of the most unscrupulous of Henry's unscrupulous agents, was despatched into Scotland with instructions to use every artifice to induce the young monarch to imitate his uncle's example, and throw off his allegiance to the Papal See. He was to dwell, amongst other things, on the scandalous lives of some of the clergy, on the Papal tyranny, and the wealth to be procured from a dissolution of the monasteries and appropriation of their treasures. He was, moreover, provided with some intercepted letters of Cardinal Beaton's, which he was to interpret as containing a proposal for the usurpation by the Pope of the government of James's realm. The young king received his uncle's ambassador courteously; but, with the utmost promptitude, positively declined to abjure the religion of his forefathers. He made a well-merited eulogium upon the attainments, capacity, and loyalty of the clergy, informed Sir Ralph Sadleir that he had already seen the Cardinal's letters, and smiled contemptuously at the interpretation attempted to be fastened on them by the English agents.

The guilt of the sacrilegious deed which Henry had perpetrated left his conscience but ill at ease. He was labouring to appease or choke it by various pretences. There is nothing which a criminal thus circumstanced so ardently desires as the countenance of some partner in his iniquity. This alone could account for the passionate earnestness with which the English monarch urged upon his royal nephew to break with the Pope.

But such a step was still further desirable for the success of that policy which England had so long and so pertinaciously pursued for the subjugation of Scotland to the English Crown. By abandoning her national religion, Scotland would necessarily be deprived of that intimate alliance which throughout her history, and to her immeasurable benefit, had united her to France. She would be deprived of all hope of foreign succour, and be left to contend alone against the ambitious encroachments of her powerful neighbour. And so it fell out; for scarcely had she been compelled by her traitor-barons to accept "*the new evangel*" in lieu of the Catholic faith, before her existence as an independent country ceased, and she sunk into the subordinate position of a mere province of England.

About two years after Sir Ralph Sadleir's first unsuccessful mission, taking advantage of a favourable contingency in continental affairs, Henry again despatched his unscrupulous minister upon the same errand. As, however, artifice, appeals to the Scottish king's pride, cupidity, and jealousy, had alike failed, he was now to use the language of invective and menace. He was to exhort him not to be "as brute as a stocke," nor "to suffer the practices of juggling prelates to lead him by the nose, and impose a yoke upon his shoulders." Other means failing, arrangements were to be made for a conference between the two monarchs at York; wherein Henry hoped to overbear the inexperience of his nephew by the violence and inflexibility of his own will. The patriotism and prudence of Cardinal Beaton and other ecclesiastics, whose counsels James chiefly used, together with the noble character of the youthful monarch himself, were more than a match both for the impetuosity of Henry and the cunning of the base agents whom he employed. Disappointed of meeting his nephew at York, Henry returned to London, breathing vengeance against the whole realm of Scotland. The Duke of Norfolk, dignified by his royal master with the flattering title of "*The Scourge of the Scots*," was sent at the head of 40,000 men to chastise those whom he could not persuade. James prudently obtained all the delays he could, by despatching successive embassies and commissions with proposals for a truce and for a personal interview with Henry. Meanwhile, assembling all his forces, he found himself at the head of 30,000 men, strong in numbers, and courage, and the warlike accomplishments of the day, yet rendered literally powerless through the treason of those infamous barons of whose followers the army was composed. Whilst James had been collecting his strength, the Duke of Norfolk had been inflaming to a still higher degree the bitter animosity of the Scotch people against the English

by the most barbarous devastations of the border-country. Winter approached; the country he had ravaged could not support his army; and he was in full retreat. James lay encamped with his army at Fala-Muir. The opportunity was literally thrown before him of giving a severe lesson to his passionate relative; and this was the opportunity that was seized by the basest nobility of which all history makes mention, to wreak their long-cherished revenge upon their sovereign. Feudal custom compelled them to follow his banner within their own kingdom. With a hypocritical stiffness, which they afterwards transferred to the new manners and religion of their betrayed and demoralised country, they obeyed the strict letter of the custom; but when the king commanded them to march across the border before the retreating host of the English commander, they refused to stir. James, enraged and mortified to the quick, reproached them with cowardice. They scowled, and bethought them of Lord Dacre's and Sir Ralph Sadleir's gold. He pointed to their desolated country; they thought of the check he had administered to their tyranny. He pleaded their knightly honour; they remembered the preference he had displayed for the counsels of the ecclesiastics. There was no remedy. The barons would not fight, and their vassals were under their orders; and so the army was disbanded, and the opportunity irrecoverably gone. A few of the less abandoned of the barons appear to have been subsequently visited with some compunction for this flagrant act of disloyalty and treachery. An effort was made to muster another force. The clergy, as usual, came to their country's aid, and furnished funds. An army of 10,000 men was secretly assembled. A trifling cause of discontent exploded even the loyalty of these: 300 English horse, sent to reconnoitre, came upon them in the midst of their irresolution and murmurings, charged them furiously, and routed an army of 10,000!

James's short life,—for he was now but thirty-one years of age,—had been one series of trials and calamities. His youth had been spent in the brutal captivity of Angus; he had lost, within a short period of his marriage, his queen, whom he tenderly loved; his two only sons had died within a few days of each other; and his own life was in constant hazard from the plots of his nobles, whose enmity he had incurred by his very exertions in behalf of his people. His youth, the vigour of his constitution, and his strength of character, enabled him to rise above all merely private calamities; but *this* blow he never recovered. "From the moment the intelligence reached him," writes Tytler, "he shut himself up in his palace at



Falkland, and relapsed into a state of the deepest gloom and despondency; he would sit for hours without speaking a word, brooding over his disgrace; or would awake from his lethargy only to strike his hand on his heart, and make a convulsive effort, as if he would tear from his breast the load of despair which oppressed it. Exhausted by the violence of the exertion, he would then drop his hands by his side, and sink into a state of hopeless and silent melancholy. This could not last: it was soon discovered that a slow fever preyed upon his frame; and having its seat in the misery of a wounded spirit, no remedy could be effectual." The broken-hearted monarch lay upon his death-bed, where intelligence was brought him that his queen had given birth to a daughter. The greatness of his grief and the nearness of another world had quickened his sagacity with prophetic powers. "It will end as it began," he said; "the crown came by a lass, and it will go by one. Miseries approach this poor kingdom. King Henry will labour to make it his own by arms or by marriage." The same able Protestant historian whom we have just quoted shall describe the end of this gallant but unfortunate prince. "A few of his most favoured friends and councillors stood round his couch; the monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss, and regarding them for some moments with a look of great sweetness and placidity, turned himself upon the pillow and expired."

At the death of James, there was found upon his person a list of 360 barons, who were engaged to share the designs of the English monarch in possessing themselves of the treasures of the Church. Assured of the treachery of the entire body of his nobility, he had left directions by which Cardinal Beaton was appointed governor of the kingdom and guardian of his infant daughter; and with him he associated in the government the Earls of Huntley, Moray, and Argyle. In defiance, however, of the patriotic designs of the deceased king, the Earl of Arran, one of the 360, assumed, as next heir to the throne, the place of governor. The Earl of Angus and the Douglasses were recalled to their country and estates after a banishment of fifteen years, which they had employed in offering all the help they could to the English king in his designs upon their country and its religion. The prisoners taken at Solway Moss, in that affair whose disastrous result had proved so fatal to James, had been treated at first by Henry with every harshness; but no sooner was he aware of his nephew's demise, than he changed his treatment of them into the utmost kindness and attention; and eventually sent them back to Scotland, bound by hostages, which they left

in Henry's hands, to an agreement containing the following terms: "The procuring of the consent of the three estates to the marriage of their infant queen with Prince Edward; the obtaining of the delivery of the person of the queen into Henry's custody; the surrender to him of the fortresses of the kingdom; and the obtaining the consent of the estates to have the country placed under the government of England." Such were the terms of agreement to which a majority of the Scottish barons subscribed their names or "their marks;"—such were the men who ushered into Scotland the "new evangel."

Against this formidable combination, consisting of the King of England, the Governor of Scotland, with the Douglasses, and a powerful faction of the nobility, inspired by the most sordid and the most unappeasable of human vices, the only considerable obstacle that remained was Cardinal Beaton. Thus, by the force of external circumstances, and in the almost entire absence of any internal convictions, the design of England, so long pursued, for the subjugation of the sister-country, was assuming more and more an ecclesiastical aspect. The treachery, turbulence, and ignorance of the barons had always driven the Scottish monarchs to a preference for the counsels of the ecclesiastics; and this had been all along a rankling sore and animosity towards them in the breasts of those unscrupulous men. The English king's separation from the Papal See had made the extirpation from Scotland of her Church a chief object of his policy; and now an eminent prelate of that Church was foiling single-handed the designs of Henry, and standing between the itching palms of the Scotch nobility and their tempting prey. The Cardinal was accordingly arrested upon a ridiculous charge of treason. The Church vindicated her prelate's privileges, and laid the realm under an interdict. No plausible pretext of any crime could be found; the people were ready to rise; and it was thought safer to suffer him to escape.

Henry's marriage-proposal was then brought before the three estates. Influenced by the wisdom of the Cardinal, it was accepted, but surrounded with conditions which hindered it from being employed as a means of destroying the independence of the country. Henry broke into one of his paroxysms of fury at the intelligence. To the ambassador sent to him by the estates he openly claimed the superiority of Scotland; and he threatened to take their queen, if they would not send her. When this was reported, the Cardinal became more popular than ever, and the people more than ever exasperated against the English faction. Arran, the governor, who was a popularity-hunter, went over to the

national party, and, as a token of his sincerity, dismissed his two Protestant chaplains. Sir Ralph Sadleir, Henry's bribery-agent, could not move abroad without insult; and the lords of the English party wrote to Henry that "their devotion to his cause had made them the objects of universal detestation and contempt." Henry's inflexible will was compelled to yield for a while to the unbounded dissatisfaction of the Scottish people. By the advice of Sir George Douglas, he pretended to withdraw the articles of the immediate delivery of the queen and of the fortresses into his keeping. But the Cardinal discovered, from a deed called "the secret devise," found on the person of Lord Somerville, that the Douglasses and the barons taken prisoner at Solway Moss had bound themselves anew to the English to the original conditions. So flagrant a sale of their country aroused, for a space, the indignation of even some of the barons of the English faction, who passed over to the national party. The former, in its emergency, advised Henry that now was his time for an invasion. Just at this crisis, Arran, who only a few days before had renewed his "entire fidelity" to the English king, returned to his loyalty, and was openly reconciled to the Church in the Franciscan convent at Stirling. Henry was exasperated beyond all bounds, rose in his demands, and resolved on an immediate invasion. The foiled Douglasses retired sullenly to their castles, taking with them, for his protection, the English ambassador. At a full meeting of the three estates, the marriage-treaty with Henry was declared null and void; and a summons of treason was issued against Angus and the subscribers of the "secret devise." The Douglasses now found it time to dissemble; but after passing backwards and forwards between the two parties for a while, a personal affront effected what no considerations of honour or patriotism were able to, and threw them altogether upon the side of the nation. Henry had rendered his cause yet more desperate by a merciless invasion under Lord Hertford, who left Edinburgh in flames. Lennox and Glencairn were now the only considerable barons who openly espoused the English cause. On the 17th of May they concluded an agreement with Henry at Carlisle, by which, for the consideration of the government of Scotland and the hand of Lady Margaret Douglas for the former, and an ample pension for the latter, they acknowledge Henry as protector of the realm of Scotland, agree to labour for the delivery of the queen and fortresses into his hands, undertake to serve him against France and all nations and persons for such wages as his other subjects, and "*to cause the Bible, the only foundation from which all TRUTH and HONOUR proceedeth, to be taught in their territories!*"



The passionate precipitancy of Henry's measures had brought matters to such a pass, that the greater number, even of those who most anxiously desired his success, durst not openly espouse his cause. He was consequently driven at length to change his policy; and a fresh negotiation was opened in inoffensive terms. The old traitor-faction was easily recovered to favour these new overtures, which, however, were rejected by the estates. It was evident, that so long as the Cardinal remained, the English cause could not hope to triumph. Before Hertford's invasion, a plot for his assassination had been proposed to, and manifestly, although very cautiously, approved of, by the English monarch. The conspirators were Crichton Laird of Brunston, Kirkaldy Laird of Grange, the Master of Rothes, John Charteris, and lastly Wishart, subsequently executed, and venerated by the Scotch Presbyterians ever since, up to this day, as a martyr to their "new evangel." This plot had been proposed to Henry by Crichton, 17th of April, 1544. It slumbered for a year: for what cause is no where stated; but we venture to conjecture, in consequence of one of the conspirators having subsequently bound himself to the Cardinal in bonds of "manrent," which it was considered great baseness to betray. On the 2d of April, 1545, the plot was renewed by the proposal of the Earl of Cassilis in his own person to Henry. In a letter to that monarch, dated 12th July of the same year, the Laird of Brunston informs his royal correspondent that certain gentlemen, his friends, were willing, *for a small sum of money, to take the Cardinal out of the way.* And in a letter to the Earl of Hertford, we find the same conscientious apostle of Scotland's new religion renewing his offers, but urging the king to be plain with them.\* On the whole, it appears that the

\* We present our readers with a quotation from a letter of Sir Ralph Sadleir to Crichton upon the subject of this design, as a specimen of the frightful hypocrisy that was added to complete the guilt of these criminal proceedings.

"In one parte of your said lettres, I note chieflie, that certayn gentlemen, being your friends, have offred *for a small soume of money to take hym oute of the waye, that hath been the hole impediment and lett to all good purposes there.* . . . . Of this I judge that you mean the cardinall, whome I know to be so much blynded, &c. Wherefore I am of your opinion, and, as you wryte, thinke it *to be acceptable service to take him out of the waye,* which in suche sorte dothe not onelie as much as in him is *to obscure the glorie of God,* but also to confound the commonweal of his owne count.ey. And albeit the king's majestie, whose gracious nature and *goodnes I knowe,* wool not, I am sure, have to do or meddle *with this matter touching your said cardynall,* for *soundrie considerations;* yet if you could so work the matter with these gentlemen your freends, which have made that offer, that it may tak effect, *you shall undoubtedly doo therein good service both to God and his majestie,* and a singular benefit to your country. Wherefore, lyke as if I were in your place, it shudde be the first thing I wolde earnestlie attempt, thinking thereby for the respect aforesaid *chieflie to please God and his majestie,* and a singular benefit to your country."

reluctance of Henry to commit himself to an approval of this dark plot, and the unwillingness of the assassins to execute it without so powerful a co-operation, kept it for so long a time from being carried into effect. From the last-mentioned date there is no further correspondence on the subject in the State-Paper Office. And Tytler's conjecture is doubtless correct, that Henry, finding himself compelled to signify his direct approval of the design, if he really was bent on its execution, did at length do so; and that the correspondence containing such approval was destroyed *for reasons of state*. Be this as it may, on the morning of Saturday, the 29th of May, 1546, the assassins accomplished their sacrilegious deed of blood. The account of it we will give in the words of James Lindsay, a spy in the pay of Lord Wharton. It is taken from a letter to that nobleman, which is preserved in the State-Paper Office, and is given at length by Tytler at the end of his History:

"Syr,—To advertise you, this Satterday betwix v hours and vi in ye mornynge ye cardynale is slane in the castle of St. Andrewe's, be Normond Leslie, in yis maner: At ye cumyng in of ye masones and warkmen in ye place to ye wark, Normond Leslie and thre wyth him enteret, and after hym James Melwin and thre men with hym, and feazit themselves to have spokin with ye cardynale; and after yawe cam ye zounge laird of Grange, and viii men wyth hym all in geir, quhilk the porter stoppit to lat in quhill ane of them strak him with ane knyiff and kest him in ye hous. Incontynent they shot furth all ye warkmen and closet the zet, syne sought the chalmer and shot furth all ye howsald men as thae gat thame mastrit. Ye cardynale herand ye dyn in his chalmer come furth, was passand to ye blockehous hed to heir quhat it was, Normond Leslie and his cumpanye met him in ye tornpyk and slew him; and after ya have depossest ye place of all therein tilt, excep ye governor's sone, his priest and servand, and ye cardynale's chalmer child, ye common bell of ye toun rang, ye provest and toun gadert to ye noumer of three or four hundredth men, and cam to ye castell, quhill Normond Leslie and his cumpanye come to ye wall heid, and sperit (*asked*) quhat they desyrit to se? Ane deid man?

"Incontynent ya brot ye cardynale deid to ye wall heid in ane pair of shetis, and hang hym our ye wall be ye taue arm and ye taue fute, so bad *ye pepill se yer thair god!* This Johne of Douglas of Edinburh, Heu Douglas, Ayr, shaw me, and Master Johne Douglas, quhilk was in Sanct Andrewe's and saw ye sam wyh yar ene.

"Wryten this Satterday at midnyt, zour servand,

"JAMES LINDSAY."

## THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

*Lectures in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, &c. Routledge.*

WHEN a man—or a “gentleman”—has no position, no business-habits, small capacities, a damaged character, and a good stock of impudence, he sets up for a wine-merchant. When a family falls into misfortune, or is so hard-up as to be unable to keep its daughters at home in idleness, the young ladies are turned loose upon society as “governesses,” without the most distant conception as to whether they can write a grammatical sentence. And while the respectable *paterfamilias* is content to swallow the decoctions and compositions of the dealer in liquors, with an implicit faith in their purely vinous origin, the *materfamilias* with equal simplicity commits her children to the tutelage of the very unfortunate but highly-respectable young lady whose misfortune it is to be condemned to that anomalous position filled by the professional *gouvernante*.

With equal brass or equal simplicity, almost every man who knows a little about any thing, conceives himself capable of “giving a lecture;” and if he knows nothing particular about any one subject more than another, he betakes him to that refuge for the destitute, the “educational question.” Here is a field for crotchets, theories, and quackeries in general, positively unlimited. Education is the grandest of all subjects for clap-trap, science-and-water, hard-words, and sounding propositions. The listening multitude sits ready for the pleasing titillation, and retires from the exhibition perfectly at ease with itself, and pitying the benighted generations who were condemned to eat, drink, spell, and cipher, unenlightened by the luminaries whose blaze it has found so beautiful.

That most amiable, and now active association, the Society of Arts, has recently been riding the educational hobby pretty considerably hard. What with the patronage of Prince Albert, and the managership of Mr. Henry Cole, it has been for some time in a perfect fever of educational benevolence. We must do the Society the justice to say, that it is a very tolerant and well-intentioned society, and that some of its notions are not at all bad ones. It is only when it puts forward assumptions which imply a belief that the Society’s house in the Adelphi is to prove a sort of New Jerusalem, whence a power is to issue to regenerate the world, that we quarrel with its presumption,



and hint to its managers that cobblers are not the only persons who need to be reminded to "stick to their last."

One of the Society's last efforts in its philanthropic course was as tolerant and liberal in its details as it was vague and objectless in its original plan. A host of notabilities, scientific and literary, religious and non-religious, and above all, Popish as well as Protestant, were to be invited to deliver their testimony to the people of London in a series of lectures on education at St. Martin's Hall. The volume before us is the final result.

It contains, as we are told in the preface, such of the lectures delivered in connection with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts, "as the authors had either previously written, or have subsequently prepared from their notes." From the character and standing of the Society, and from the fact that since May 1852 it has proved its anxiety to do something for the educational cause, by putting itself into communication with, and actually receiving into union no less than three hundred and sixty-eight of the literary and scientific institutions, athenæums, mechanics' institutes, &c. of the United Kingdom, it was fairly assumed that these lectures would be of a value somewhat commensurate with the importance of the occasion, and that those who differed might at least learn. With eighteen out of the twenty here reported, we are, nevertheless, and in spite of a desire to find matter of commendation, more or less vexed and disappointed.

On all sides the miserable shortcomings of our existing system (if system it may be called) of education are admitted, at least in words; the absolute necessity of action, prompt and energetic, is fully granted in like manner. But we conceive that the object of the Society of Arts was, or should have been, to obtain solutions to problems reducible to the following queries: 1st, Who are to be taught? 2d, Why are they to be taught? 3d, What is to be taught? And 4th, Who is to be the teacher? In the answers to these few questions full place ought to be found for the exposition and dissection of the enormous social evils laid to the charge of defective education, for the exhibition and explanation of proposed remedies, and for details of the mode in which such remedies should be applied in order to produce their greatest effect. Yet, of all this, with one remarkable exception, we find next to nothing. In almost every instance the speaker lectures simply on his own especial branch of science, as to a special audience; and as far as any phase of the educational question is concerned, might as well, or better, have bestowed his hour on the loungers at Polytechnic or Panopticon, instead

of wasting the time of those anxious to be informed on the great subjects of the day at St. Martin's Hall.

First comes Mr. Henfrey, lecturer on botany at St. George's Hospital, who plunges headlong into the mazes of the connection and classification of the sciences, and endeavours to drag his unprepared hearers into a forest of thorny technicalities with a cruelty which can only be compared to that of forcing an unlucky Cape Boer through a thicket of "wait-a-bits," without giving him time to put on his buffalo-hide "crackers" for the protection of his limbs. Then we have a comical discourse on the value of good penmanship, wherein we are informed that the plainer writing is, the more legible it becomes; that angular writing irritates the nervous system (a stricture with which most of us who have lady correspondents can sympathise); and that Roman characters are indisputably more legible and agreeable than the old English,—a fact which we hope our Gothic friends will duly appreciate. Professor Rymer Jones next forsakes the chair of comparative anatomy, which he so ably fills at King's College, to tell us that the microscope is a most valuable instrument, both for education and for amusement. About the former, "the less said the better" appears to be the professor's motto; but the latter he at least affords us, in assuring us that "these infusoria form the base of that pyramid of animal life at the apex of which man has proudly stood for 6000 years, without discerning that foundation to which it owed its strength and its security." What a sublime idea! Imagine a vast concrete foundation of *radiata*; then a stratum of insects; then a slippery layer of molluscs; a stage of fishes, reptiles, birds, beasts, until we have man standing proudly on the apex (on one leg, of course), and for the wonderful period of no less than six thousand years!

Of a better class are lectures on "Science in the Mines," on "Teaching the Idiot," and "Teaching the Deaf and Dumb." Still more germane to the question are those on "The Influence of Examination as an Instrument of Education," "Industrial Schools," "The Necessity of an extended Education for the Educator," and some others. But even in these last we fail to recognise any firm grasp of the subject, the outline of any well-digested theory, the shadow of any well-considered scheme of practice. Instead of broad and philosophic views, we have narrow and useless, because irrelevant details. We are told that such and such a science, or a branch of it, is imperfectly taught in schools; that physical geography is neglected; that models are very useful, and so forth: when all our anxiety is to be taught how to probe a fearful mass of ignorance which



ferments into *crime*; to learn how the power of education can open ears deafened by habitual curses, and soften hearts become stony in the struggle for bread. Viewed in connection with the magnitude of the evil, the prescriptions of popular lecturers are nothing short of ludicrous. More or less they look upon their hearers or patients as empty bottles, into which a little learning of many kinds is to be poured: a little political economy, for instance; a little chemistry, a little botany, a few statistics; in fact, a little of every thing (except religion); until the bottle is full, and the educated individual corked for use. As in Robert Houdin's magic flask, the supply is then assumed to be inexhaustible; and according to his company, the educated bottle may dribble out glass after glass of learned phrases at will, to the delight and amazement of bottles emptier than himself.

It is true that the Council of the Society of Arts imposed a condition that religious and political topics should be carefully excluded; and this may have been misunderstood by some few of the lecturers, as implying that the *existence* of religious duties and political relations was to be ignored. But that it need not have so operated, is clear from two lectures, incomparably the best in the book, which form the remarkable exception we have before alluded to. Catholic readers need hardly be told that we refer to the *Lectures on the Home Education of the Poor*, by Cardinal Wiseman; and we are convinced that many a candid Protestant will not gainsay this judgment. Without any parade of learning, without any exaggeration of description for effect, but with a most accurate appreciation of the best method of dealing with his subject under particular circumstances, his Eminence's lectures are models of their class. The scope of a couple of hours or so was, of course, utterly inadequate to the development of a general theory; and the Cardinal, therefore, confines himself to a single but important point. In his first lecture, after explaining that although education cannot be commenced too early, *yet it never ends*, he asks the simple but pregnant question, "Is this the plan on which we are engaged in educating the great body of the poor?" Alas for the answer! He then proceeds to give some interesting details of the system of *Colportage*, by which the literature of the agricultural population of France is supplied, and passes to the consideration of the cheap literature of England, its periodicals and penny journals, some with a circulation of 400,000 copies weekly, which, for the most part, instead of supplying water from a wholesome fountain, distil moral poison, drop by drop, to satisfy the thirst for knowledge of the very poor. The Cardinal con-



cludes by suggesting the propriety of a parliamentary inquiry into the whole matter; at the same time reminding his hearers, that it is the duty of the rich to provide means, as well for the cultivation of the inward garden of the poor man's home as for the garden outside his house.

There being thus "an absolute want to supply, an existing evil to counteract," his Eminence, in his second lecture, glances at the subjects suitable for treatment in providing a sound and wholesome literature by way of remedy. History, science, biography, poetry, music, and art—none are forgotten. That there is already a fund from which much may be drawn and adapted to the literary power and appetite of those we wish to serve, he does not deny; but adds, that there remain departments of popular education, which, to be brought home to the people, must be made anew, must be created. The Cardinal ends by expressing his conviction that, when once the public feeling is excited, its high sense of social duty will find no rest until it is nobly and gloriously fulfilled.

We rejoice that the appearance of these lectures in one of Messrs. Routledge's cheap volumes will ensure them a hearing in distant places. That in London they made their mark, we know by the extended criticisms bestowed upon them in all the journals of consequence. We recommend every traveller who has not already possessed himself of the book, on his next railway journey to forego his usual shilling's worth or so of James or Cooper, Murray or Bohn, and to invest his eighteen-pence in this little purchase. Many of the lectures will amuse and interest him; but unless he is very stupid (and of course he is not), Cardinal Wiseman will *instruct* him, and direct his thoughts in a way good for himself, and, it may be, for others also.

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Origin and Developments of Anglicanism; or, a History of the Liturgies, Homilies, Articles, Bibles, Principles, and Governmental System of the Church of England.* By the Rev. W. Waterworth, S.J. (Burns and Lambert.) No doubt the chief work of the Catholic controversialist consists in an exposition of the doctrines and history of Catholicism. As our aim is, not to "protest" against what other people hold to be truth, but to establish what we know to be truth, the substance of our controversy will always be positive rather than negative, constructive rather than destructive. Still, the destructive element does enter into our duty in certain cases, and especially with many upright and conscientious Protestants. Indeed, it is seldom useful except with those whose religion is genuine, earnest, and based upon a belief, however feeble and

indistinct, in certain elements of Christianity. With persons of this stamp it is of very great importance to show that the religion which they value for what is really good in it, or in themselves, has no foundation in the principles of Anglicanism, or of any species of Protestantism. We want to let them see that the case with them is the very reverse of what it is with us. Our abuses, where they occur, are those of individuals, not of the Church; and their virtues, where they occur, are those of individuals, and *not* of their community as a body, which is utterly rotten in its foundations.

Just this purpose is served by Mr. Waterworth's learned and able book: grant every thing, and more than every thing, of the goodness of Anglicans, and of the plausibility of certain theories manufactured for their use, before the undeniable facts of history here brought together the whole superstructure of Anglicanism tumbles to the ground. The book is extremely well done; and, notwithstanding the nature of the subject, is really very pleasant reading. There is also another important purpose which we think it will answer: it is highly desirable that our young Catholics of the middle and upper classes should know something of the true history and controversial position of that vast Establishment which they will have to face all their lives through—if it lasts; and this is equally desirable both for our laity and clergy. And we do not know a better book to put into their hands, at the age of from eighteen to two or three-and-twenty, than this history of Mr. Waterworth's. He is an author to be trusted, because he knows his opponents from their own writings, with which he is acquainted in a degree out of the question to the ordinary theological student.

*Breviarium Aberdonense*; reprinted in red and black letter. 2 vols. (London, Toovey.) Two classes of persons will be glad of this reprint of a book which now exists only in four imperfect copies,—book-collectors, to whose libraries it will be a welcome addition, on account of the care and fidelity displayed in rendering it an exact copy of the original, which is here reproduced even to the minutest peculiarity of the type; and secondly, the lovers of ecclesiastical antiquities, who will find in it information which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere. It is the only known Breviary extant of all that were used in the thirteen dioceses into which Scotland was divided. It gives some interesting information with regard to the usages of the Church in Scotland. Its correspondence with the Roman Breviary is very striking, with the exception of some peculiarities, among which we may notice the Litanies, which in part vary every day in the week; and Compline, which has different antiphons for different festivals. The offices of the Saints' Days are well worthy of attention; in some cases the lessons contain all the information we possess of certain periods in the history of the British Churches; so that as a collection of early records of the progress of Christianity in Great Britain, it will be worthy of the notice of all those who wish to inquire into such matters. As a specimen of typography, this reprint will bear comparison with any production of the press, modern or ancient; while the care with which it is edited, every abbreviation, every peculiarity in the spelling, being scrupulously rendered, the copy corresponding word for word, line for line, and page for page, with the original, renders this one of the most remarkable productions of modern antiquarian industry: it is as good in its way as the photograph copies of the etchings of the old masters. The price of the volumes seems to us to be very moderate, when we think of the small number of purchasers of this kind of literature, and the great expense of its production.

*The Dublin Review*, January 1855. (Richardson.) Two excellent



articles fill up about half of the last published *Dublin*. The subject of one of them, "The attack made on St. Alphonsus' teaching on Equivocation" by the *Christian Remembrancer*, was treated of in a popular way in the *Rambler* of last April. The reader who desires a more elaborate and copious treatment of the question will not be disappointed in the essay before us. Another, but far more learned and temperate attack on Catholicism has recently been made by Dean Milman, the very title of whose book, "The History of Latin Christianity," tells its own story. This "history," or rather this historical exposition of the Dean's theory, is extremely well reviewed by a perfectly competent writer; and with so much courtesy and fairness, that a much less good-tempered controversialist than Dr. Milman could hardly read it without seeing many things in a light quite new to him.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*: Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, from January 1515 to July 1519: translated by Rawdon Brown. 2 vols. (London, Smith and Elder.) It is not often that we have to record the appearance of so valuable and so novel a book as this: though trammelled with the forms of diplomatic correspondence, the acute and astute Venetian knew how to fill in his details, and has bequeathed to us perhaps the only contemporary photograph of society of that period. It is a book which novel-writers will study, and which must be consulted by those who wish to learn about the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. *Ex post facto* prophets will probably profess to see in the conduct of the young king the germs of the ruffianism of his later years; we cannot see more than a young man, very pious, hearing five masses a day, eminently handsome and strong, vain of his personal gifts, with a good but plain and unhappy wife, and placed in the midst of the most dangerous temptations. Probably his very piety made his fall more hopeless; for he could not run into crimes cynically, but was obliged first to falsify his conscience, and then to obey this blind guide. The dishonesty of his foreign policy, and his childish endeavours to form dynastic parties in Europe, come out with great *naïveté* and pleasantness. Mr. Rawdon Brown has spent his years in Venice to some purpose; we cordially recommend his volumes.

*Home Life in Russia*, by a Russian Noble. (2 vols. London, Hurst and Blackett.) This book, published as an original work, and asserted to be such by the author in spite of the contradictions of critics, is an amusing though scurrilous production, bearing on the face of it the evidences of being written by a Russian malcontent, and sufficiently harmonising with the testimony of most travellers to warrant the belief of its being founded on fact. It relates the adventures of one Tchichikoff, a government *employé*, who, after sundry chances of knavery and fortune, conceives the admirable idea of purchasing dead slaves whose names still stand on the census lists, and then mortgaging them to the government as if living. The story is not developed as it might be; but what there is of it is generally lively and droll from its simplicity.

*The Island Empire, or Scenes of the First Exile of Napoleon I.*, by the author of "Blondelle." (London, Bosworth.) An agreeable book, in three parts: 1. A narrative of a visit to Elba, full of anecdotes and reminiscences; 2. An account of Napoleon's short residence there; and 3. A sketch of Elban history from the earliest times. The first part will



be found especially interesting, and the memory of Napoleon is not treated in an offensive way.

*Germany during the Insurrections of 1848.* (London, Nisbett.) But for the fact that the bodily presence of the author was bestowed on Germany during the period in question, this book might as well be called "New Zealand at the time of the Gunpowder Plot." It tells us positively nothing of the revolutions; but contains many texts of Scripture (perhaps three to a page), much unctuous and contented reference to the religion and happiness of England in contrast with the deserved scourges inflicted on Popish lands, and many prophecies that those who come after us shall see what they shall see. It is an inane volume, that may have been written either by a Dissenting minister or his grandmother; who does, however, in spite of much drivelling, take a really religious view of things, where the sight is not influenced by Protestant prejudices. There are here and there indications, that but for this nightmare the author might do something much better.

*Prose Halieutics, or Ancient and Modern Fish-Tattle,* by the Rev. D. Badham, M.D. (London, J. W. Parker.) An excellent book, which appeared originally as a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*. The hard word in the title is an index of what the reader will find in the text; the author is a scholar, and writes for scholars; and we know of no more amusing book for the well-educated, fanciful, and idle sportsman. In a very different order, Mr. Badham rivals Mr. Digby in the extent of his reading and the variety of his quotations; he is also an excellent naturalist, and a good idea of ichthyology in general may be gathered from his pages. He is not so good-natured a parson as Mr. Newland, whose analogous book we lately noticed; for he says some very disagreeable things about Catholics, and occasionally solaces himself with some highly reprehensible blasphemy about the Nicene faith and other sacred things, besides dwelling with evident gusto on allusions to subjects not of the cleanest. In spite of these faults, people who are not afraid of a little Greek should read his book. As a specimen of his style we will give his description of the "Lamprey:"

"No animal in creation has so singular and so sensitive a mouth, serving at once as a prehensile instrument to secure, and an organ for the trituration of food. . . . The oral apparatus consists of a loose extensile lip, which the fish can project in a circular manner, and apply like a boy's leathern sucker to wood, stone, or any other object he happens to have a design upon. Within the circle of this extensile lip lies a nimble little rasping tongue, stuck all over with points, and always on the wag; and as this sharp file works up and down on the surface of whatever may be covered by the flattened mouth, the result of its operation soon becomes apparent, especially when, as it often happens, the scalp of an unfortunate fish is the subject of experiment. In this case it matters not how large or how fierce the victim may be, no effort can extricate the luckiest head 'in Coventry' under that fatal disk; στόμα νέρθεν ἐρύκει: quicker than any eating ulcer the tongue works its way through the integuments; the patient may plunge and writhe, but the operation of trephine goes on; and soon, with all the ease of a cheesemonger driving his scoop into the rind of a Cheshire or Stilton, does the lamprey push his tongue through the bony plates of the skull, and draw it back with a sample of brains adhering."

The book is, among other things, a complete treatise on the ancients' knowledge of the habits of fish, and their modes of cooking them.

*The Life of P. T. Barnum,* written by himself. (London, Sampson Low.) To his former trade of showman, in which he proved himself a

clever and successful, but impudent and lying charlatan, the author in this book adds not only the practice but the profession of canting hypocrisy. It is a cynical exposition of all his tricks of trade, justified by quotations from the Bible. The style, though not good, is amusing; though the scenes which he means to be touching, as that between Jenny Lind and Vivalla, are simply absurd. Those of our readers who wish to make themselves acquainted with a new phase of life, may spend a shilling and an hour on the 'cute Yankee, who out of an old woman, a mermaid, Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, and a woolly horse, has managed to extract a colossal fortune, and to lodge himself in an oriental palace, a view of which graces the end, as a portrait of his own cunning face embellishes the beginning of his book. We must say in Mr. Barnum's favour, that he is good-natured enough not to show up any one but himself.

*The Popular Library*: 1. *Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs*; 2. *The Life of St. Frances of Rome*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; 3. *Heroines of Charity*; 4. *Catholic Legends*. (Burns and Lambert.) We are sorely puzzled what to say of these books; the first of a series long promised, and now at length begun. Considering the editorship under which the *Popular Library* appears, it would be mere affectation in the *Rambler* to pretend to give an impartial criticism on its merits. We cannot help thinking, however, that it really deserves the hearty support of the Catholic public; and we have every reason to believe that it will receive it. The author of the first on the list, though his name is not given, is, as many of our readers are aware, one who has ever been foremost in promoting the cause of English Catholic literature; and the sanction of his reputation and office is a guarantee for the value of the series, which cannot fail to be appreciated. We venture to anticipate for his own contribution to the series a very marked popularity. The best advice, however, we can offer in respect of all the volumes, is to suggest to our readers to buy them, and judge for themselves of their quality. We may also add, that the first instalments of an accompanying series of a more purely entertaining and entirely secular character, in preparation by the same publishers, is on the very point of appearing. Between the two, we cannot but hope that a very great step will have been made towards supplying some portion of the void which has hitherto existed in our popular and miscellaneous Catholic literature.

*Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland. (Vol. V., Blackwood.) Miss Strickland has here reached that portion of her subject which is best adapted to bring out her good qualities, and leave her defects in the background. She brings down the tragedy of the poor queen to her imprisonment at Lochleven. The heartiness of her sympathies is as evident as ever, and her painstaking is not diminished. We have also no excessive prominence of those details of millinery, tailoring, housekeeping, and upholstery, which are at times a grievous snare to the fair authoress. To Catholics the volume is full of interest, notwithstanding the occasional amusing misconceptions which Miss Strickland, with the kindest intentions, falls into. Take the following, where *the one* reason why we Catholics do not often commit suicide is supposed to be given: "The crime of self-destruction is, however, rarely committed by members of the Church of Rome, as it involves the loss of those rites which they deem essential to salvation" (p. 362).

*Chaucer's Poems*. Vols. 1 and 2; edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker and Son.) Mr. Bell's critical introduction to Chaucer is one of the best specimens of his capacity for reading the *history* of English poetry which he has yet given. We recommend his remarks on the



manners, politics, and religion of the middle ages, at pp. 42-46, to every reader of Chaucer. It is satisfactory also to find a Protestant commentator letting people know that indulgences are commutations of the *temporal* penalties of sin. See also Mr. Bell's explanations of the anti-ecclesiastical spirit of many ballads of Chaucer's day, in his note at p. 255, vol. 1, to "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn." We need hardly remind our readers, that the "Father of English Poetry" is not a poet for indiscriminate circulation.

*Chambers' Journal*, Jan. 1855. We have here the completion of the 2d vol. of *Chambers* in its new series, which proves a real rejuvenescence, and not a second childhood. Few miscellaneous periodicals are so informing and so entertaining, and also so rarely objectionable. In this last part, two of the best papers are—one on the old race of Cossacks of the Don, and a capital sketch—"Revelations of Whist." The story now publishing in each successive Number—"Maretimo," is a poorish affair, its author knowing nothing of the state of society he writes about.

*Life, Religious Opinions, and Experience of Mde. de la Mothe Guion*, by T. Upham; edited and revised by a Clergyman of the Church of England. (London, Sampson Low.) There is only one thing that will give a Catholic permanent popularity with Protestants, and that is, insubordination, disloyalty, rebellion, suspicious orthodoxy, Jansenism, Molinism, or any other of the multifarious manifestations of the one principle, the "fain would I climb, but that I fear to fail," the inclination to be a heretic or schismatic, only just kept from its full development by a fear of giving oneself unreservedly to Satan. Of such people, who are neither rebellious nor yet faithful to God, but are mainly for themselves, Dante says, that both heaven and hell reject them; but for their consolation, we may add, that Protestantism takes them up and writes their lives, and decks itself out in the glory, such as it is, that it can extract out of them. The editor tells us, that Popery can fairly claim no glory from Pascal and Arnauld and Madame Guion. Be it so; we do not claim it. But also we do not see how Protestantism can fairly claim it, except on the plea of the *chiffonnier*, to whom belong of right all cast-off rags and scraps of paper that are thrown into the dust-heap.

The book before us is a long and tiresome account of a Jansenist nun of the 17th century, who went through no more trials than she deserved, though it was certainly most unpolitic to inflict them; and Louis XIV. and his Gallican government had not the slightest right to do so. With the usual artfulness of her sect, she knew how to deceive the amiable Fénelon, whom our editor, in consequence of his friendship for Madame Guion, most unfairly classes with the three Jansenist luminaries mentioned above. As a specimen of Mr. Upham's style, here is a brick out of his building. He is painting the character of the good Archbishop of Cambrai: "With a heart filled with the love of God, which can never be separated from the love of God's creatures, it was his delight to do good; and especially in the religious sense of the terms."

*Jerusalem Revisited*. By W. H. Bartlett; author of "Walks about Jerusalem." With Illustrations. (London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) The illustrations of this posthumous work are beautiful; the text is in the following spirit:

"The sombre chapel of the Latins (in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre) will not sustain a comparison with the gorgeous glitter of that of the Greeks; but it may vie with, if it does not surpass it, in spurious holy places: for here are to be seen the place where the Gardener appeared to Mary Magdalene; also where the latter stood; while within the little church itself is the spot where Jesus appeared to His Mother after



the Resurrection; the place of the Recognition of the Cross, with part of the pillar to which the Redeemer was bound. Pretty well for a nook about 60 feet long by 20! These legendary localities, it is but fair to explain, were gradually accumulated around that of the Sepulchre as mediæval darkness became more dense, and the credulity of the pilgrims more craving, and the fraud of the priests more barefaced."

M. de Sauley goes to Jerusalem a French *savan*, an unbeliever of the Academy, a universitarian sceptic, and returns a believer: Mr. Bartlett is admitted into the most sacred places, and behaves there no better than Launce's cur. Father Newman, we remember, gave great offence to the Protestant visitors to Rome in 1846-7, by telling them that they showed no more consciousness of sanctity in a holy place than a dog does; they stare about in the same inane manner, and snuff round the corners with the same indifference to what their betters are doing around them. Is it not true? Was not the French infidel in a better way, nearer to faith, than the prim and respectable Protestant? Is this the meditation of the Englishman in the House of Calvary?

*The Catholic Directory for 1855.* (Burns and Lambert.) The rivalry of a competitor has improved the old "Directory" considerably, though its editor lets his readers know that his equanimity is considerably disturbed thereby. There is an interesting memoir of the late Cardinal Fornari, by a very competent hand, and a portrait, bearing out the amiable and sensible character which the writer gives of his subject. We advise the editor to stick to his own "Directory" for the future, and make it as good as possible, leaving his rival to keep the field if he can. The best of the two, whichever it is, will ultimately win the day.

*Florine, Princess of Burgundy; a Tale of the first Crusaders*, by W. B. McCabe. (Dublin, Duffy.) We like Mr. McCabe better as a novelist than as a journalist. He has more invention and historical knowledge than many of the fiction-manufacturers of the day. *Florine* is a story of the school of Mr. G. P. R. James, whose books are popular with many readers; but it has less milk-and-watery twaddle than Mr. James's novels, and more originality of downright melodramatic horror. In fact, Mr. McCabe lays the black rather too thick upon his "villains," so that not a trace of humanity is visible beneath it. We wish him all that success in his books which we cannot in conscience desire for him as a newspaper editor.

*The Church Festivals*, by Agnes M. Stewart, authoress of "The World and the Cloister." Second Series. (London, Thomas Jones.) We always gladly give a kind word to help the sale of Miss Stewart's publications. She does not aim at attracting the learned or the very critical; but the Catholic character of her stories, and their historical colouring, fit them for younger readers and for lending-libraries. She has our best wishes for the success of *The Church Festivals*.

*The Druses of the Lebanon*, by G. W. Chasseaud. (Lond., Bentley.) This book claims every indulgence, as the first attempt of its author; but a person so familiar with the country he describes might have given us less of a compilation and more original observation. Moreover, we have not much patience with the prevalent English custom of treating the rankest heathens as the greatest heroes. We do not think with Layard, that the devil-worshippers are the most interesting people of Mesopotamia, nor with our present author, that the Druses are the model men of the Lebanon. It is doubtless very consoling to find people who still hold the most rampant absurdities of the Gnostic sects, mixed with those of Mahomet, flourishing in what should be the seat of Christianity;

but we have enough *esprit de corps* to prefer the poor Maronites to their more brawny heathen persecutors.

In his language Mr. Chasseaud not unfrequently verges on the bombastic and the obscure: "To describe the desolation, the fierceness, the wrath, of (certain) deadly strifes, would be to depict the face of humanity in its most hideous aspect; it would be to convert earth into hell," &c. Truly his words must have a very magical power, if his mere description could do any thing of this kind. Again, when a Druse Emir seeks refuge in Italy, our author tells us that every Italian "made it his business to endeavour to unravel the mystery of the flight of so great a man from a land intuitively connected with the supposed knowledge of all Christians who had read of the Lebanon."

Those who are curious in the symbols or creeds of false religions will find a singular Druse confession of faith translated in an appendix to this volume.

*Healthy Homes, and how to make them*; by William Bardwell, Architect. (Dean and Son.) Mr. Bardwell's facts, suggestions, and plans, may be confidently recommended to the attention of every one engaged in getting rid of one of the most serious physical evils of this day. A good deal of his information is useful to every body who has a house to buy, build, or alter, or who is plagued with his chimneys. He announces another new patent for consuming one's own smoke in *private houses*.

*The Pretty Pleasing Picture-Book*. (Dean and Son.) A cover smart enough to set little people's eyes glistening in expectation of what is to come, here encloses some five hundred woodcuts, printed scrap-book fashion. It is a good present for children; and the prints are not such miracles of the engraver's delicacy of touch as to be hopelessly unintelligible to juvenile apprehensions. It should never be forgotten, that children delight most in a sort of Pre-Raphaelitism run to seed; they love hard outlines and distinct forms, and have no more affection for "aerial distance" than for the multiplication-table.

*The Illustrated London Magazine*. (Piper, Stephenson, and Spencer.) We understand that the conductors of this very prettily illustrated periodical are desirous of excluding all matter that may be objectionable to Catholics. It has some good writers' names on its list of contributors. The prints are most of them good; one of them, by M'Connell, has really a taste of the fancy and fun of Richard Doyle.

*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*. By a Non-Combatant. (London, Longmans.) Ten letters, occupying 125 pages,—lively, and, of course, very interesting,—which the writer has wisely determined to publish "on his own hook," rather than make a present of them to the newspapers. They are open and natural, not pretending to more authority than really belongs to them, and exposing unreservedly all the difficulties which a civilian feels in understanding the movements of a battle-field, even when he is enjoying a bird's-eye view of it.

*Psychological Inquiries*. By Sir B. Brodie. (London, Longmans.) It would have been better if Sir Benjamin had studied ontology a little before he had grappled with psychology, and then he might have avoided the notion, that "the minds of the inferior animals are essentially of the same nature with that of the human race." Though the distinguished surgeon "does not mean to infer that the mind is always the same, and that the greater or less development of it depends on the greater or less perfection of the material organ," but rather thinks it supposable "that the original difference is in the mind itself;" yet it is manifest that any



one who likes may infer this from his system, and may tack on it the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls,—that the pig and the ox have human souls, confined by their organisation, so as not to be able to express or to manifest their powers.

The best thing in the book is the refutation of some of the pretensions of phrenology, in the last dialogue. The style is a not very successful imitation of that of a much greater man—Sir Humphrey Davy.

*Legends of Mount Leinster*, by Harry Whitney, Philomath. (Dublin, Kennedy.) Mr. Whitney's lively sketches introduce the reader to scenes and personages fast disappearing from Irish life, but well worth preserving, at least in memory. He himself seems a very good sort of a fellow; kind-hearted, acute, and conscientious withal: his book is certainly above the average of the light railway literature of the day, and we wish him a good sale. One of his best sketches is "A Sunday with Father Murphy," clearly drawn from the life. "Eddwynne and Angeline, Fytte ye seconde," is a very fair parody on Goldsmith's pretty and fantastic ballad.

*The Baltic; its Gates, Shores, and Cities, with a notice of the White Sea*, by the Rev. T. Milner. (London, Longmans.) A parsonic compilation; but gives a good deal of information, picturesque, statistical, and historical, about these coasts and their inhabitants, interwoven with the newspaper accounts of the allied squadron that has been sailing in these seas during the past summer.

*Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston*. By the Author of the "Biography of B. Disraeli." (Longmans.) This is another voluminous pamphlet, more tedious, because less personal and vituperative than the author's former one. His object seems to be, to prove on the one hand the immaculate disinterestedness of our foreign policy, and on the other its weakness. England has done many wonderful things; "but she has never been able to negotiate successfully a great, advantageous, and glorious peace. Again and again have the acquisitions of her arms been sacrificed through the incompetence of her diplomatists." In other words, a just Providence has always made her the tool of a principle which in her heart she detests, but which she always finds in the hour of negotiation to be necessary to that which she holds dearer than principle, namely, prosperity.

*Books of Adventures*: 1. *Romance of Adventure, or True Tales of Enterprise*. Routledge. 2. *Perils and Adventures on the Deep*. Edinburgh. T. Nelson. 3. *Voyage and Venture*. Routledge. 4. *Tales of Adventure by Sea and Land*. Lumley's Tourist's Library. 5. *The War, or Voices from the Ranks*. Routledge's Shilling Series. Of all these books, comprising all kinds of bold doings, from lion-killing to the now most popular sport of all, Russian-shooting, the last has the best subject, but is worst in execution. It is a selection of soldiers' and officers' letters from Sebastopol and elsewhere, with a connecting narrative, written apparently by a penny-a-liner. The other books will be relished by all who like to read of dangerous passages and hair-breadth escapes.

*General Bounce, or the Lady and the Locusts*. By G. J. W. Melville. 2 vols. (London, J. W. Parker.) One of those flashy and unsatisfactory novels which so many cleverish fellows of the present day have a great facility in throwing off. It is a reprint from *Frazer's Magazine*.

*March Winds and April Showers, being Notes and Notions of a few Created Things*. By Acheta. (London, L. Reeve.) A little volume



which, in pretty and imaginative apologues and fables, gives young people a very fair idea of several classes of natural objects. It is certainly a nice book.

*Russian Life in the Interior, or the Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivan Tourghenieff, of Moscow. Edited by J. Meiklejohn. (Edinburgh, Black.) A translation from a French version of a Russian book, which gives in a lively, but superficial way, several detached sketches illustrative of various points of national character or phases of life. It is more unobjectionable morally than most Russian books which we have come across.

Messrs. Longman have published a new edition of *Macaulay's Essays*, in two volumes, double columns, which for clearness of type seems to us a model for publishers of cheap editions.

*The Cecilian; a Collection of Sacred Music for the Church, Chapel, or Oratory*, edited by H. W. Crowe. (London, G. White.) Two numbers of this monthly collection have been sent to us, and we are truly sorry that our praise cannot extend beyond the very pretty and graceful frontispiece, designed by Mr. C. White. The selection of music does not please us. The best thing in the first number is the *Kyrie* of André; but the organ part, besides perpetuating the exploded fault of playing all the harmonies with the right hand, instead of spreading the chords, contains also notes of the pedals which are not to be found in any organ. The *Ave Maria* is a slow movement from a violin sonata of Mozart, with the most characteristic part (the accompaniment) omitted. In the Hymn of St. Bernard, besides the weakness of the melody, the rhythm is not properly preserved. In the second number the *Ms. Litany* is beneath criticism, and the way in which the words *Christe audi nos* are set is simply absurd. The *O Salutaris* attributed to Graun is Martin Luther's hymn, which Graun harmonised, and introduced as a corale into his oratorio, the *Tod Jesu*.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Histoire, &c.—History of the B. Mary of the Incarnation, called in the World Mde. Acarie, Foundress of the Reformed Carmelite Nuns in France*; by the Abbé Boucher. 2d edition, much enlarged, by the Bishop of Orleans. (Paris, Lecoffre.) Mde. Acarie was a very distinguished person in an age of celebrities, the early part of the seventeenth century. A *Parisiennne*, rich, clever, beautiful, married in her seventeenth year, living in the world amidst all the distractions of a high station and in all changes of fortune, till the age of forty-nine, and then spending the last four years of her life in the cloister, during all which time, like a good economist, she turned all the events of her career into so many occasions for advancement in sanctity,—her biography is a model both for women in the world and for religious. Mgr. Dupanloup has enlarged the book to twice its former size by extracts from the *ms.* records of her convent, and has made it a religious history of the period in which she lived. The right reverend academician has also added a beautiful introduction, which reads like the proclamation of a general inviting his friends to share with him the labours of a glorious war. It is a book that ought to be translated into English.

*La Fleur et la Feuille, traduit de G. Chaucer en vers français*, par le Chevalier de Chatelain. (London, Jeffs.) The Chevalier de Chatelain is a bold man. If there is an English poet more than others un-French in style, it is perhaps Chaucer. Here, however, we have

one of Chaucer's most charming poems translated into French verse. We cannot venture on saying whether the Chevalier has "achieved a success;" but we think he has succeeded very much better than might have been expected.

*Etudes sur l'Etat actuel de la Religion en France*, par M. D'Exauvillez. (Paris, aux bureaux de *l'Ange gardien*.) This gentleman, the editor of a monthly review called *The Guardian Angel*, with which we do not happen to be acquainted, is much sharper at seeing evils than at divining their remedies. He is disposed to take a gloomy view of the state of religion in France, and thinks that the engineering that is brought to bear against the ramparts of Satan is marvellously inadequate. Such societies as that of St. Vincent of Paul are capable of wonderful good; but much of their utility is spoiled by the manner in which it is attempted. "How often," says he, "have I seen a poor man curse, rather than bless, the religion in the name of which a man came to insult him with an alms, and to institute a judicial inquiry into his domestic concerns, rather than treat him with the tender anxiety of a brother!" He complains that the zeal of ecclesiastics is often spoiled by an attachment to ancient usages and routine entirely contrary to the real spirit of the age. He is severe against preaching fine sermons to a set of servant-girls and good mothers of families, who do not understand a word of them, and would have all preaching rather of practice than of dogma. He approves very much of those seminaries where the students are made to live in the world for some years of their course, so that they may know what they are called upon to renounce, and may be more *au fait* in dealing with it. As a remedy for all the evils and shortcomings which he enumerates, he proposes a vast confederation of Christians, with a committee and officers, to preside over all sorts of things; religious controversy, the choice of priests, the propagation of good books, missions and missionaries for religious revivals, providing work for the poor instead of distributing alms, and disposing of the products by lotteries and tombolas; taking charge of theatrical entertainments, soirées, and all sorts of harmless amusements, and so on. Against all of which we have but one thing to say, and that is, that the Church depends on the grace of God, on the Sacraments, and on His Saints, not upon any human organisation, though it should be the pet scheme of the most organising Frenchman of that land of organisers. Impossible as his scheme is, there are many things in M. d'Exauvillez' book that are well worth reading. His great fault seems to us, the overvaluing of schemes and plans as such, and is well symbolised by his undervaluing dogma in comparison with practical exhortation. The ultimate development of this principle would lead us, like the *Times* newspaper, to ask what was the use of defining the Immaculate Conception, and to wonder what possible motive it affords for practice, or how it can render the Church more palatable to the classes which reject her. We do not wish to say any thing against our own craft; but we are afraid that, in ecclesiastical matters especially, schemes which first appear in print seldom come to much. When any thing great is done in the Church, it generally comes out as a successful *fait accompli* on a certain scale, for which the permission of the authorities is demanded, to enable it to assume a wider field of utility. M. d'Exauvillez seems to be so enamoured of his scheme, that he has exaggerated the evils for which it is to be a remedy. Not content with taking things as they are, he predicts they will be worse, because Providence has not yet sufficiently avenged the death of Louis XVI. Surely there is no end to the vengeance of a Legitimist!